

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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FOR the western prairies, with their hardships and wonderful rewards—their bleak days and their bright days—Henrietta R. Baxter has woven a story that will be of interest to every Canadian. *The Secret of the Lord*, a feature story in the November CANADA MONTHLY, deals with the question that most of us are called upon to answer some time during our lives—"why are such things so?" The answer Henrietta Baxter gives to this question, through the characters in her story, is a sermon in itself.

Will the soil of New Ontario and the Western Provinces take the place of the flax fields of Belgium? With the reorganization of the commercial affairs of the world after the war will Canada become the world's manufacturing centre for linen and similar products made from flax fibre? These are some of the problems handled by James A. McCracken in his interesting article *To Save or Sacrifice an Industry*.

Newspaper men see more sides of life than those in any other profession. Luman Spehr, a newspaper-writer from Winnipeg, presents a story from the criminal court of the western metropolis that gives us a most interesting and enlightening peak at human nature.

Mrs. Emily Murphy tells in an interesting article, that *The School Library in Alberta* is one of the greatest melting-pot factors among our western prairies.

Eric A. Darling's story, *His Postscript*, is a veritable handy guide in love letter writing.

The closing chapter of *The Son of the Otter* appears in the November number. The great climax of this wonderful story of the snow lands of the north presents a most thrilling reckoning on the shadow of guilt which had hung over Ahteck's head since the time he struck his father. The closing of the mystery is even more interesting than the wind up of the love affair between Mititsh and Ahteck.

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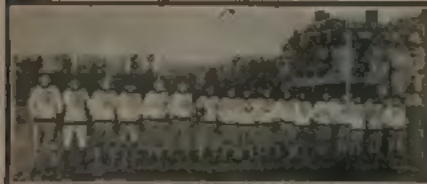
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The defendant, who was charged
with keeping a dog without a license,
made repeated efforts during the hear-
ing of the case to interrupt the evidence
brought forward against him, but on
each occasion he was called to silence
by the pompous dignitary on the bench.

Yet still he persevered. Finally the
magistrate, thoroughly exasperated
turned to him and sternly inquired:

"Do you wish the Court to under-
stand that you refuse to renew the
license?"

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but—"

"We want no 'but'!" roared the pre-
server of law and order. "Your dog
license, as you must be very well aware,
expired so long ago as the 1st of Janu-
ary. You must either renew it now,
therefore, or be fined. Is that clear?"

"Yes," sighed the defendant; "quite
clear. But, in that case, I may find
myself here again next week, charged
with keeping a license, but no dog.
You see, the latter also expired on the
1st of January!"

"I attribute my success in great
part to my persistency," says Mr.
Charles M. Schwab, the steel million-
aire. "I've been all my life pretty
nearly as persistent as the Loretto bar-
ber."

"Once this barber said to me, 'I shav-
ed a man,'"

"Yes?" said I.

"And afterwards," he continued, 'I
prevailed on the fellow to have a hair-
cut, a shampoo, a singe, a friction, a
face massage, an electric scalp-rejuvena-
tion, a dandruff-cure spray, and a tonic
rub.'

"And after that?" said I.

"After that," said the barber, 'he
needed another shave.'"

Medical Officer: "Sorry I must
reject you on account of your teeth."

Would-Be Recruit: "Man, ye're
makin' a gran' mistake. I'm no want-
ing to bite the Germans, I'm wanting
to shoot 'em."

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MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO.

He was consulting the lawyer on what was, to him, an important subject.

"It's this way," he said. "The man who lives next door to me has a beast of a cat that spends the night sitting on my fence and yowling. Neither my wife, the baby, nor myself has had any sleep for weeks. The man next door refuses to get rid of the cat, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The lawyer was young, and he looked wise but said nothing.

"I've got a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I should not feel justified in advising such an extreme course. As I see it, the cat is not your property."

"Perhaps not; but the fence is!"

"Aha! Then you have got him, for you can pull the fence down!"

"Teddie, said Mildred, with a contemplative look, "how much money have we in the bank?"

"We!" replied her husband, in sarcastic mood. "I have about five hundred dollars. Why do you ask?"

For a second there came a glint in the feminine eye; then laconically:

"I just wondered, that's all. I have a letter to-day from the lawyer who wound up father's estate, and I find he had much more to leave than anyone ever expected."

"That's fine!" exclaimed the husband, suddenly alert. How much do we get from him, Milly?"

"We!"—surprisedly. "I got a few thousand dollars! Why do you inquire?"

A certain railway line has the reputation of being very badly laid, and one day the train was rushing along at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the train was rocking atrociously. Passengers were rolling from one side of the carriage to the other or holding on like grim death to the window strap. Presently the train became a little steadier, and a traveller smiled faintly at the quiet-looking man opposite him, and remarked:

"We seem to be going smoother now."

"Yes," said the quiet man, "we're off the rails now."

Some school children were set the task of reading an article about Lancashire, and were afterwards asked to write an essay on this part of England.

Looking over one of the essay papers, the teacher found the statement, "The people of Lancashire are very stupid."

"Where did you get that idea, Maggie?" said the teacher.

"Oh," replied the girl, "out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense 'population.'"

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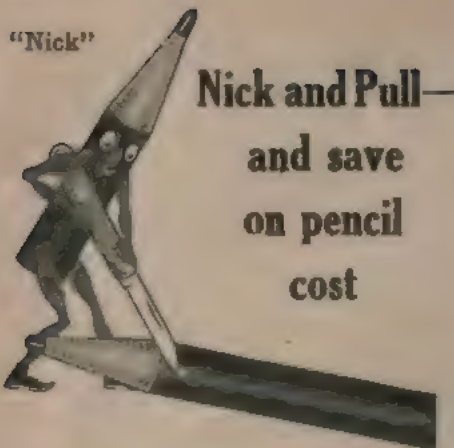
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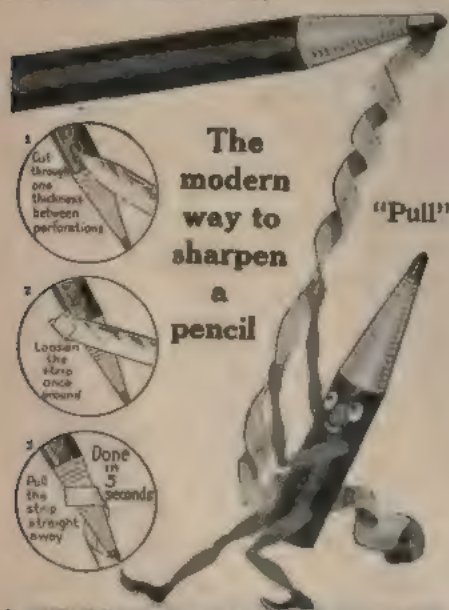
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After being kept waiting for the usual five or ten minutes, the new arrival at the restaurant was duly served with the first course of the table d'hôte dinner—soup.

Hesitating a moment he glanced at his plate; then said:

"Waiter, I can't eat this soup."

"Then I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter, and hastened away.

The guest sighed as the second plate was placed in front of him.

"Nor can I eat this soup," he said, a trifle more emphatically than before.

And the waiter, silent, but angry, brought yet another plate of soup. Whereupon the guest once more remarked, in a low, emphatic tone.

"Really, I cannot eat this stuff!"

But the waiter, now really angry, summoned the manager, and, to the interest of the other guests in the restaurant, explained what had happened.

"Really, sir, this is most unusual, sir," said the manager. "May I ask why you can't eat any of our soups?"

"Because," replied the guest, with a sad, wan smile, "I have no spoon!"

The teacher of a large class sent one of her scholars to buy a pound of plums from a fruit-vendor outside, and as she handed the little boy a nickel said:

"Be sure, Willie, before buying the plums to pinch one or two just to see that they are ripe."

In a little while the boy returned with flushed face and a triumphant look in his eyes. Handing the teacher the bag of plums, he placed the nickel on the desk and exclaimed:

"I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched a bagful."

Pat was home on furlough, and whilst going down the main street of his native town, he saw a shop where everything was sold by the yard. Pat, wishing to play a joke on the shopman, went in and asked for a yard of milk.

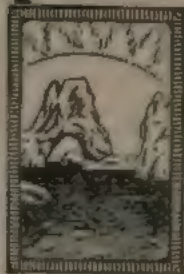
The shopman was astounded, but he put his fingers in a bowl of milk, and measured a yard long on the counter with his fingers.

Pat, not wishing to be caught at his own game, asked how much it was.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"Then wrap it up," said Pat, "I'll take it."

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to the
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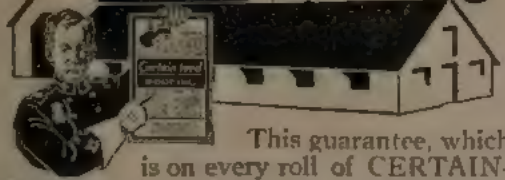


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Belgians' Indomitable Spirit

MR. A. J. HEMPHILL, Chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, one of the most powerful banking institutions in the United States, has just left London after a visit to Belgium and Germany. He was also received by King Albert.

Mr. Hemphill, who acts as Hon. Treasurer of the Neutral Commission for Relief, crossed the Atlantic to see for himself the conditions in the German occupied part of Belgium and to investigate the distribution of the relief supplies to which the American people have generously contributed. In order to secure permission to enter Belgium he had to go to Berlin, where he spent the better part of a week. In the course of an interview Mr. Hemphill said:—

"It is only after being in Brussels for a little time, and after visiting Charleroi, Malines, Antwerp, Liege and other places that one realizes how misleading are first impressions of life in Belgium as it is to-day. The outward appearance of normality is sustained only by the fact that relief to the value of over £1,200,000 is, so to speak, injected into the country every month. The external calm is an amazing tribute to the efficiency of the system whereby the Relief organization provides and distributes to this whole nation the supplies without which there would be chaos and unthinkable suffering. In this complex work of rationing every day over seven million souls, of whom just one-half are totally or partially destitute, the Belgians themselves are co-operating magnificently. Without their unflagging support and public-spirited work the efforts of those throughout the world who, regardless of nationality, sympathize with the Belgian people would fail of their purpose. The Comité National in Brussels, composed of the leading Belgians who dared to stay and face the invaders, has enrolled thousands of volunteer helpers who are now experts in this problem of rationing.

Relief Reaches the Belgians.

"Both in America and England a good deal of uneasiness somewhat naturally exists as to the relief supplies actually reaching the Belgians. I discussed this point thoroughly with responsible Belgians through out the country and with the Americans who are supervising the distribution; besides keeping my own eyes open for any indications of confiscation by the Germans. As a result I am convinced that the relief supplies sent into Belgium reach, in their entirety, the Belgian people. Except for trivial local incidents, which are invariably remedied,

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Nothing else has ever aroused the indignation and practical sympathy of the English speaking world as has the fate of Belgium. At the first call for help, some of the leading business men of the Neutral United States organized the Commission for Relief in Belgium, arranging with the British Government to co-operate, and with the Germans to keep their hands off—and the work of feeding the starving millions began.

Never before has relief work been done on such a huge scale, or with anything approaching the efficiency with which it is being carried on in Belgium. Faced with the appalling task of feeding a destitute nation, the Commission has done magnificent work.

Scores of the ablest and highest salaried men of the United States and Great Britain have been giving their time free to perfect this organization and carry on the work. Operating expenses are phenomenally low. Business methods are applied to every feature of buying, shipping and distributing food, and every dollar received is accounted for.

With the millions of dollars that have been generously contributed to the Fund the Relief Commission has managed to feed some three million Belgians for over two years. Rations have been meagre, but so far they have managed to avert actual starvation. But to keep it up until the War is over will require even greater efforts.

The situation in Belgium grows more critical with every passing week. The fate of women, children and old and wounded men, in steadily growing numbers, depends absolutely on the Commission. If the food supplied by it were cut off, the third day would find the weaker ones starving to death. Within two weeks 3,000,000 would be dead or dying, and 4,000,000 more would be suffering acutely.

Compare this with Canada, with our huge crops and busy factories, an abundance of food and plenty of money. Think of the average Belgian family; The father is in the trenches—or dead. The mother takes her place in the lengthening bread lines, to get the scanty rations served out by the Belgian Relief Committee. The children thin and pinched and clad in rags, wait for what she will bring home.

So long as contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund keep up, each will get three slices of bread and a pint of soup a day. If the givings fall off, some must go hungry or starve.

You can save at least one from such a fate; \$1.00 a month less than 4c a day—will do it. \$2.50 a month, in the hands of the Belgian Relief Commission, will feed an average family. Can you spare that much or more? Can you with a clear conscience, withhold it? How many families will you undertake to feed till the war is over?

Whatever you feel you can give, send your contributions, weekly monthly or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committee, or

Send Cheques payable to Treasurer,

Belgian Relief Fund

59 St. Peter St., Montreal

**\$2.50 Feeds a
Belgian
Family
one Month**



I heard of no instance whatever of the Germans breaking their guarantees to respect the food which the Allied Government allow to be brought through the blockade. As regards the home-grown produce there are, probably, still some minor leakages—almost inevitable in a country garrisoned by a foreign army—but I can safely say that 95 per cent. of the native food supplies go towards feeding the Belgian people. The ~~unavoidable~~ leakages to which I refer are always made the subject of negotiations between the Relief Organization and the belligerent Powers.

"You ask me as to what the Belgian people really think. *They don't think. They just hope.* They live from day to day in the undimmed expectancy of regaining their independence. I might also say they live *on hope*, because if that wonderful spirit were not there, the scanty ration, which is all the Relief Organization can supply, would be inadequate to prevent increased disease and mortality.

"Under ordinary circumstances the population would be pauperized by free feeding of the unemployed. This is not the case of Belgium. In the first place, a daily diet of soup, bread, sometimes potatoes and a little bacon, and occasionally rice and beans, continued over two years, does not offer many attractions. *It is only the indomitable spirit of the people themselves that makes it bearable.* They will be glad enough when peace comes to exchange free meals of such a kind for the food they can earn by work. At present, a small percentage get a few day's work weekly in local industries, such as the enamel, glass and coal trades, at a few francs per week.

"There are 600,000 children in Belgium entirely dependent upon the tender-heartedness of the outside world. A large percentage of the remaining two million children, up to the age of 16, are partially dependent upon relief. The problem of bringing them up and even of keeping them alive is becoming more and more grave. The Relief Organization has just started an extraordinarily interesting experiment to meet the emergency of short milk supplies in industrial centres. They have asked the peasants to lend, free of charge, for one year, one cow from each of their herds to a communal herd which will provide milk for the children. In Antwerp, the herd now numbers over 400 cattle. In other centres the peasants are responding excellently to the appeal. At the end of the year the cows will be returned to their owners, who will be compensated for the loss of any of their cattle."

The White Feather

By Charles W. Stokes

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE English newspapers, the morning after the last day of December, carried the following item:

"Amongst the cases of personal heroism reported from the Allies' lines is another from Ypres. Forced by a strong surprise flanking attack to retire from their advanced position to their trenches, the City of London Light Infantry and the Warwickshire Sharpshooters left behind a large number of wounded. Suddenly, Private Jones, of the City of London, left the ranks, ran back some hundred feet in the face of a fierce and galling fire, and picked up Private Trench, of the Warwickshires, who, wounded severely in the legs, was amongst those left behind. He regained his line successfully, but received several wounds, and is now in hospital. Trench has since died. Jones is being recommended for the Victoria Cross."

The same day, two persons, a middle-aged man and a still youngish woman, sat gravely contemplating, in an office in London, a small batch of papers that lay on the table between them. One of these papers was dirty and covered with pencilled writing; another was a folded, foolscap document endorsed on the front, "Last Will and Testament of John Renshaw;" and the remainder were some sheets of foolscap, neatly collated and fastened together at the corner by a brass clip. Alongside them was a large envelope ripped open, obviously the container of the various papers, and it bore, in a firm script, the words, "To be opened on December 31st, 1914, by my solicitor, in the presence of my wife."

"I can assure you, Mrs. Renshaw," said the lawyer, "that I have not violated these instructions. This is the first time I have seen any of these papers, and I do not know of what they consist. As they are obviously meant to be read, would you prefer me to read them?"

"Yes," the woman replied.

"The will first—or last?"

"Last." She did not wear mourning.

The lawyer cleared his throat, picked up the little batch of papers fastened together at the corner, and began to read them.

I HAVE written on the envelope (he read) that this shall be opened on December 31st. That is as good as any other date. By then I shall either have disappeared—i.e., been killed or taken prisoner (either will do)—or else I shall be so incapacitated by wounds that I shall be smothered with sympathy and this plain statement of facts misconstrued and therefore meaningless. If I am still alive, I shall be still fighting, and the consummation will only have been delayed.

This is mostly intended for you, my dear wife. You must have discovered by this time that I am not in America—never went. It was a clumsy ruse, really. What follows may not be particularly novel to you—you probably found me out years ago.

I am writing this on the twentieth of September, seven weeks since Great Britain declared war.

It was only just over three months ago that I met Malette—or, rather, re-met him, because as soon as I saw him that evening at the club, I recognized him at once, although I hadn't seen

him for seventeen or eighteen years. He was talking to Miller.

"Say, Renshaw," Miller said, "do you know Malette?"

If I had only disavowed him then, at the start! But Malette said,

"Why, Renshaw is an old school chum of mine!"

"Hardly a chum," I ventured. Malette put an eyeglass up—the wearing of which made the only difference in him as I remembered him, and which served to intensify the piercing look he was so proud of—and said, "Well, we knew one another quite well—didn't we, Bunny?"

At the last word, I started violently.

"You haven't forgotten, surely?" he went on.

"Bunny!" exclaimed Miller. "You never told us that, Renshaw."

"I'd hardly be likely to burden you with my schoolboy nicknames, would I?"

"Nevertheless," said Malette, "an old friend may—," He saw my gesture of annoyance. "Well, if you prefer not—"

"I do, decidedly."

"What have you been doing since school?" he pursued. "Making a fortune? It's like old times, meeting you."

"Tell him, Miller," I retorted. Really I did not want to have anything to say to him; but he was not to be snubbed, and turned to Miller enquiringly.

"Renshaw is one of our most famous brokers now. Quite notorious, I assure you—the kind that is quoted in the financial press!"

"The plungy kind?"

"Oh no! Conservative—but has made money at it—stacks!"

"I have sometimes wondered," said Malette deliberately, "how some of these rich stockbrokers, who operate on the classic principle of selling out half a point higher than they bought, know stocks *are* going up that half point. What is it, Bun—Renshaw—intuition or mathematics?"

"I have always made it my rule," I replied, "to handle only safe chances."

"I might have known that!"

"Known what?" asked Miller curiously.

"Go on—I was generalizing. What else does Renshaw do now he is grown up?"

Miller was the most inquisitive member of the club—and the most garrulous. "Why, he has crowds of money salted away somewhere, by that process, and lives in—where the devil is it you live? Some very swell street, but I forget it—on the fat of the land, and goes to church twice on Sundays, and is executor for estates, and is universally respected."

"Executor for estates? So?"

I had a dim prevision then—how, I don't profess to explain, except that I have always had a mild belief in predestination—that he would somehow be tangled up in the Boissevain estate. Or was it nerves?

"What have you been doing all these years, Malette?" I asked. "Confidence for confidence."

"Sowing my wild oats. South Africa, mostly, practising law. I came back only a month ago, found I was still qualified here, and so have decided to stay home, go to church twice on Sunday, and become universally respected. Married, Bun—Renshaw?"

"Yes—I married Violet Markham, if you remember her?" It gave me a little pleasure to put some malice into that.

"Dear me! Any family?"

"No."

"Why, you two must dine with me

some time—for old times' sake. Me, I'm single still, but perhaps—"

"I'll tell Violet," I said. Just like his impudence! "You'll find it a hard pull at first, getting a practice together."

"Maybe. Especially now I'm colonialized. But how glad I am to run across you again—me, a returned wanderer, without any friends! Eh?" He readjusted his eyeglass, and grinned at me diabolically.

TO go back to the past—Malette's tyranny over me began about a week after he came to the school—I was his own age, and was new too. In some subtle way, he discovered my weakness—I was a coward. No one else, I think, knew it, but he did. He has a faculty for making discoveries like that which he loves to exercise as a hobby—purely as a hobby, because if he applied it widely he would become unbearable. No, he used it—still uses it, I have since discovered—in a quite



"I can assure you, Mrs. Renshaw," said the lawyer, "that I have not seen any of these papers."

dilettante manner, selecting just two or three specimens, so to speak, just as many as he can conveniently handle. Once he requisitioned a subject, however, he never let go; he studied it in all its evolutions of misery. I happened to be one of them—I believe the fact that I had the seat next to him was the reason.

I must confess that try as I might I have never outgrown fear. I have grown able to conceal it better, but that is all. To get down to a fine analysis, most of us are like that—afraid of being found out and laughed at and sneered at as cowards. That's what makes a boy say "I dare!" and men take enormous risks, because they are afraid someone will tell them, with devastating scorn, that they are afraid. It seems a convention of criticism that all men are born courageous and that only the exceptions are cowards. If some one could have yelled "Cowards!" to any regiment just before it wavered, they'd probably have walked into the enemy and smashed them, against big odds.

Malette was never a bully, mind you—his sense of proportion was too balanced. To use a very old metaphor, he preferred the finesse of the rapier-thrust to the brutal knock-down of the cudgel. Moreover, he was cynic enough even then to see that the latter method disposed of the victim too soon, and deprived the student of the chance to watch its struggles and flutterings. Some of my friends were astonished at my becoming, about ten years ago a very vehement supporter of the anti-vivisection movement. As a matter of fact, I took my position from the wrong end—not because it was anti-"humanitarian" to cut up living animals, but because it was extra-humanitarian to be able to do it so well. I happened to see a vivisectionist at work. It was dreadful enough, God knows, but what sickened me was not the bound and undrugged animal which was being operated upon, but the attitude of the

operator—strong, skilful and competent, undoubtedly, and perhaps a humanitarian according to his own lights. It was the cool way he stood over that dog, with his steel points and scissors, and probed and twisted and excoriated, his face aflame with enthusiasm, that converted me. . . .

One of the grossest mistakes made by parents and schoolmasters is that boys are too young to have feelings. A boy can be as sensitive as a woman, sometimes, if you know the right key to his feelings; and he is so in the softest formative phase that it is then possible to affect his entire life by a

Malette's particular steel point for me was "Bunny." I forget how it arose—the other boys used it, I think, because boys must invent nicknames or burst. In Malette's hands, the innocent word seemed to become just such another cause of self-shame as the crooked whistle. How, I can't explain: but it seemed that Malette, in using it, employed a deliberate ridicule; and every boy is weakest in his sense of ridicule. I know I never felt the same when the other boys called me "Bunny;" and long after the other boys had forgotten it, he kept it up. It was "Bunny," "Bunny," "Bunny"—

"Bun-nee," he used to say, with a rising inflection—till I was sick of it, sick of him, and yet unable to overcome it.

It was when he found out I was a coward that this real enthusiastic enjoyment and my own excruciating misery began—but I won't enter into details. Someone—I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes—has said that when God puts the key of a human being's soul into the hands of an unscrupulous person, that human being lives in hell (or words to that effect). Sufficient to say that I lived in a hell for all those years—and Malette knew it!

He disappeared from my circle eventually. At

college I fortunately encountered no one with his spiteful insight, or probably I should have committed murder. Instead, I found an environment that enabled me to bury my cowardice out of sight. I learnt to contemplate some things with fair composure, such as the killing of a bird or an animal. I elaborated a theory then that cowardice consists of unpreparedness; as, for example, if I knew I was going to see a sheep killed, I could go into a shambles and see a sheep's throat slit with passable coolness, whereas once, when a fellow quite unexpectedly touched me with the bloody little body of a dead rabbit, I was nauseated for hours.

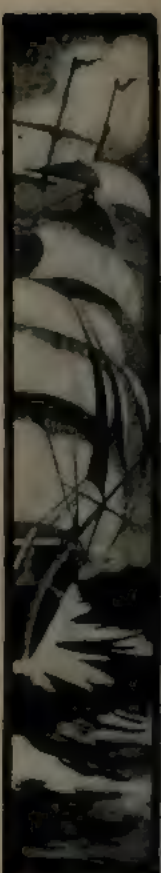
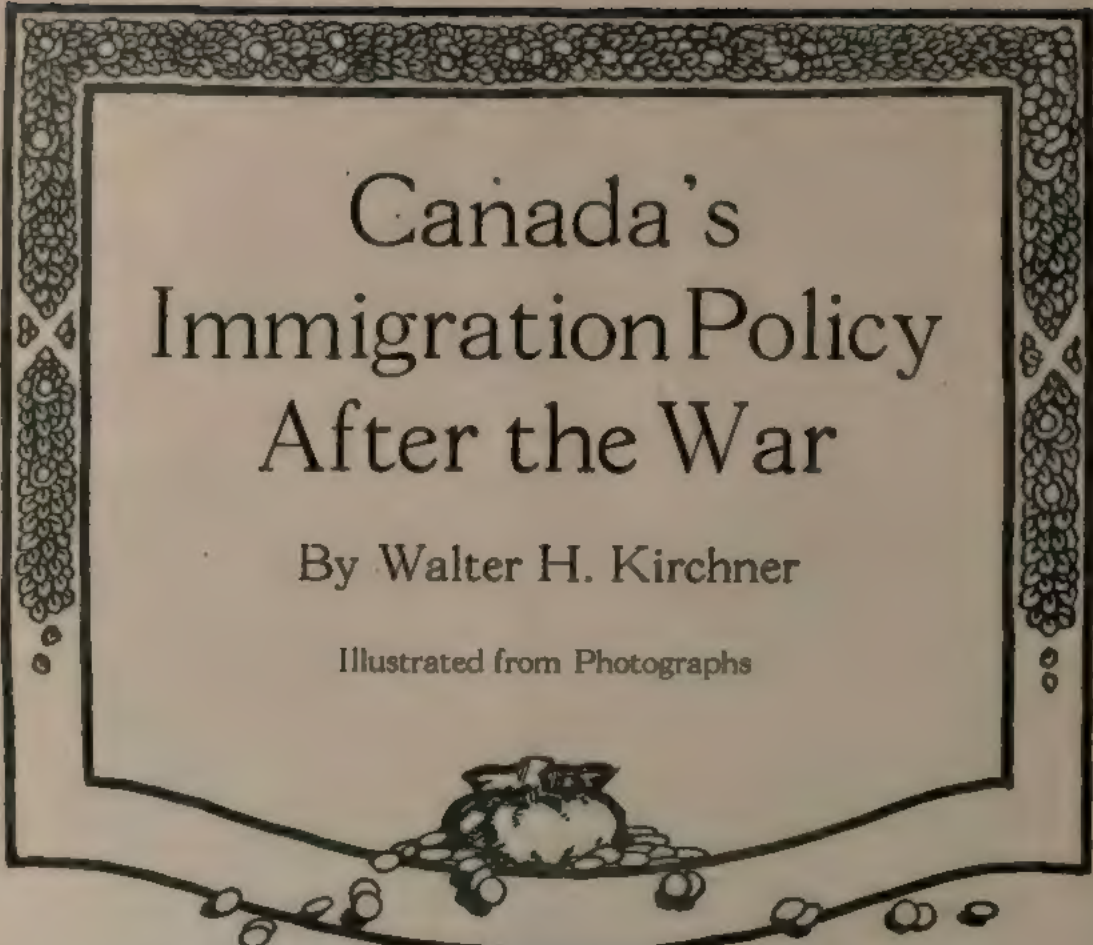
As time passed, I married Violet Markham, the daughter of our old

Continued on page 371.



"Mrs. Boissevain leaves the handling of her money entirely to you, Bunny, doesn't she?" asked Malette

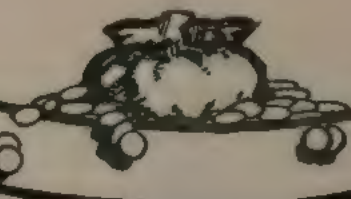
too careless handling of his feelings. A cynic can derive exquisite pleasure from the mental agony he can make a child undergo. I remember a boy at school—another of Malette's small circle—who had an odd way of shaping his mouth when he whistled, making a little hole at the side instead of pursing his lips in the middle, as most do. Malette soon discovered he was rather ashamed of this (it seemed he couldn't do it otherwise) and straightway always imitated him to his face. You would hardly think this would upset a normal, healthy boy, but this imitation did this boy. It seemed to hurt him like a whip lash. He would hesitate, stop his whistling, change color, and rush away. He was big enough to thrash Malette heartily, but somehow he never did.



Canada's Immigration Policy After the War

By Walter H. Kirchner

Illustrated from Photographs



THE significance of emigration to the people of Canada is very evident from the publicity which has lately been given this question by men who represent some of the more important phases of public opinion.

Doubtless the war, with its hundred-fold side issues, absorbs first place in the minds of the people of the North American continent; but to every well-balanced individual, the necessity for an immediate grappling with the immigration problem is recognized.

Just in so far as the war has revolutionized society as a whole and caused us to regard the Empire in wider perspective, so the immigration question assumes an infinitely more-important aspect than in pre-war times. And it is most obvious that, as the length of the war continues, the adequate solving of this problem becomes more and more urgent. However, there are signs that an immigration policy, more in line with the pressing needs of the times, is shortly to be translated from the realm of ideas into the language of facts, the language we all can understand.

It has been suggested that an advertising propaganda be started immediately in England, which would be enormously assisted by the presence of so many thousands of Canadians, who could give personal testimony to the

truth of such a propaganda. No individual would question the wisdom of such a step; but let us look facts in the face. The other British dominions are represented in England also: probably better in some cases than we are ourselves, and such a propaganda by Canada will have competition. To meet competition, you must have something equally good or better to offer. As one who is familiar with conditions in the three great British dominions, let us examine the immigration question in some of its greater aspects.

Any individual, who has lived in England for the last few years, will remember the amount of adverse criticism Canada has received, from some quarters, concerning the fate of certain emigrants, who aired their grievances in the British press. Even at the present time occasional references are made regarding the hardships to be encountered in Canada.

Undoubtedly, some of this adverse criticism is still fresh in the minds of the British public, and should be refuted by explaining the conditions as they actually exist in Canada.

In view of the fact that the great bulk of emigrants are drawn from the middle classes, which are the backbone of every nation, the would-be emigrant will naturally want to know under what

conditions he will live in his new home. In this all-important question, how does Canada compare with the other colonies? What are the facts?

IN Australia and New Zealand, we find an almost ideal system of democracy. The government has legislated in the matter of the wage question, and established a minimum wage—a wage which allows a man to regard his work with the dignity which should characterize all human activity, whether in the highest or lowest strata of society. So far as this crucial question is concerned, Canada is lacking. A minimum wage is really a question of principle and not a matter for private discretion.

There is another side to the minimum wage question, and that is the effect of such a far-seeing principle as affecting early marriages, which are certainly to the vital interest of a young country. If the question of a minimum wage were settled by Parliament, early marriages would undoubtedly increase.

Of course, in this connection, Canada has been at somewhat of a disadvantage as compared with the rest of the colonies, for the price of labor has undoubtedly been influenced by the great influx of emigrants of all nationalities, who were needed for the rough pioneer work, when money had a freer circula-

tion. But, whatever the difficulties to be encountered, Canada must, sooner or later, fall in line with the rest of the colonies in this respect.

Other beneficial legislation, such as old-age pensions and restricted hours of labor, directly affecting the conditions of the worker in Australia and New Zealand, makes a great appeal to intending emigrants.

The importance attached to the welfare of the common people was emphasized by Mr. Hughes, the Australia Premier, who, on being presented with the Freedom of the City of London, on the 17th April, last, said:—

"If we are to keep the Empire as a heritage for the British race, we must create conditions under which the population of both these islands and the Dominions will rapidly increase and multiply. Mere numbers availed nothing. So we must create an environment which will breed a virile people, for wealth will not save us, if our crop of such men failed. The defence of our Empire rested ultimately upon the basis of that which will promote the welfare of the common people, and ensure those opportunities of employment, conditions and remuneration of labour, and that standard of comfort which are the first heritage of a civilised people."

A very important matter, which concerns the average emigrant, is the amount of practical assistance a Government is willing to offer him to undertake the journey to his new home. In this connection, the various state governments of Australia and New Zealand grant assisted-passages. The New Zealand government also encourages the emigrant by reduced-rate passages. The emigrant, first in importance to all the colonies, is the man who is going to take up his home on the land. New Zealand has adopted a very wise and generous system of state-assistance to the agricultural emigrant,

and also to the worker in the city. She has a system of loans on agricultural land. When an advance is required for the



The European emigrant has ready access to exhibits of Western Canadian nutritive grains and grasses

purpose of erecting buildings, improvements, etc., she provides the money, with interest at the rate of five per cent., reducible, under certain conditions, to four per cent.

IN this connection, it is interesting to learn that "The Advance to Settlers' Department" has loaned over \$50,000,000 during the years 1906-1911, which is proof positive that it is a very remunerative policy to the government quite apart from the benefits conferred on the settler.

New Zealand also lends money to any person employed in manual or clerical work, provided the individual is not in receipt of more than \$1,000 per annum, and is not the owner of any land other than the allotment upon which it is proposed to build.

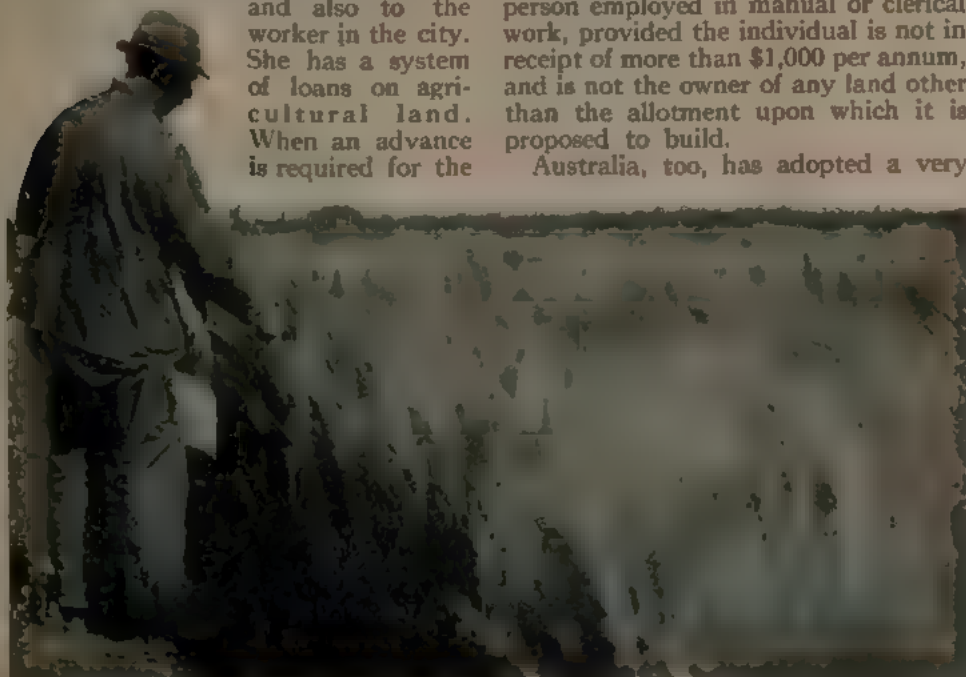
Australia, too, has adopted a very

comprehensive policy in regard to the financial assistance of settlers, loans being granted for periods as long as thirty years, with interest at the rate of from four and a half to five per cent. per annum. Another great feature of the Australian policy is the "Government Produce Department," which undertakes the shipment and disposal of produce on behalf of farmers, and, when desired, makes advances up to 75 per cent. of the estimated value of the produce entrusted to it for sale.

Comparing the class of advertising matter issued by the Canadian government to attract settlers to the Dominion, with similar publications of the colonies, we find the need for a great change, for those booklets issued by the Canadian government lack all the charm and attractiveness of color, which characterizes the work of the colonies mentioned.

New Zealand and Australia appear to have realized the fact that people, as a rule, think in pictures. A business firm which advertises largely always appeals to the artistic sense of the reader. The booklets, depicting Australian life, in particular, compel attention by the beautifully-colored illustrations, which convey a better idea of that country than all the verbal praise in the world is calculated to accomplish.

Australian booklets also have a strong human appeal. One of their publications is entitled "Australia for Boys" issued by the "Boy Immigration Department of Australia." Extracts from letters written by boys, whose passages to Australia have been assisted



A wise emigrant counting the number of grains to the head to estimate the yield of cereals per acre in the district in which he intends to settle

The maintenance of immigration is the sheet-anchor of Canadian prosperity and development. We can double our population in a few years after the war, if we study and prepare now. Most careful preparation should be made for the well-being of intending emigrants in the new land of their adoption.

by the government, are given. Here is a sample:

"Sale, Victoria.

"I am with a very fine Australian family and am being well looked after, and am sure that it is the ideal life and place for any British lad or person that intends earning or saving money. I also think I shall never regret the day I left England. Leslie Fraser."

These boys, in time, grow up as ideal citizens.

UNDOUBTEDLY the advertising matter, issued by the Canadian government, lays great stress on the unsurpassed material resources of the country, but most people, who are thinking of immigrating, do not care so much about these great material resources, which very seldom come to them, as the kind of home they are likely to make for themselves and family and the measure of happiness they may expect across the seas.

One cannot lay too much stress on the fact that 'this measure of happiness' depends very largely on legislation affecting the conditions of the worker, in whatever sphere of life.

Australian enterprise is again shown by the magnificent building which is being erected in the heart of the city of London, where people from all parts of the world congregate. This building will house the products of the various states of the commonwealth of Australia and show the brightest opportunities which are open to the emigrant.

The immense value of such a building for advertising purposes is, of course, apparent. And it is a matter for extreme regret that Canada has nothing to compare with it.

True, Canada, is represented in London in various ways—in particular, by the British Columbia Building, but, so far as location and concentration are concerned, Australia undoubtedly takes the lead in advertising her resources to the greater British public.

AS regards Canada, if instead of each particular province being represented in a separate building, scattered over the metropolis, she were to follow the example of Australia and erect one imposing structure, containing exhibits of each province, the benefit to the

Dominion, as a whole, would be immense.

Such buildings have a great psychological value. They convey the impression that the country which advertises in this way must be progressive in character, and the intending emigrant is greatly attracted thereby. Surely the Canadian government should not take second place to any colonial government in this respect.

Another very interesting parallel of the advertising methods adopted by the Canadian and Australian governments to attract emigrants, is shown by the use which these respective governments have made of the cinema, probably the greatest advertising medium in the world. The Canadian government advertises largely the wonders and glories of her majestic scenic surroundings, but the Australian government lays more emphasis on the industrial side, such as films of typical sheep-ranching scenes or the fruit-growing industry.

The publicity which is given to the scenic glories of Canada undoubtedly makes a wide appeal, but the industrial side is vastly more important to the intending emigrant, for, while the former concerns his pleasure, the latter concerns his livelihood.

Bearing in mind that Canada has a much larger population than Australia and several times larger than New Zealand, it is to her vital interest that every phase of her advertising propaganda, whether in buildings or literature, should reach the same high standard and be characterized by the same degree of foresight as the work

of the other branches of the Empire.

It was pointed out by the Hon. Robert Rogers, when speaking at Winnipeg, that

"the maintenance of immigration is the sheet-anchor of Canadian prosperity and development."

so that the need for a more comprehensive policy is apparent.

Even if this policy were not desirable before the war, it is certainly necessary now, and preparations should be immediately made if Canada is to receive her future share of immigration from the old country.

It was further pointed out that:—

"We can double our population in a few years after the war, if we study and prepare now, and that most careful preparations should be made for the well-being of intending emigrants in the new land of their adoption."

Let us always remember that a wise immigration policy will be characterized by a full and positive assurance that a real home awaits the settler and his family beyond the seas.

No country will attain its ends in the line of immigration, unless this is the undercurrent of its advertising propaganda. The prospect of the survival of the fittest does not strike the fancy of the intending emigrant now, whatever it may have done in the past. The prime need in Canada, as in the Colonies, is not to benefit the capitalist, by exploiting the land, but to attract

Continued on page 383.



Manitoba's immigration and colonization office in London

The Reeve of Silver Island.

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART III.



THE month which followed was notable for two things—the death and burial of Judge Law, and the arrest of his son, the treasurer.

To John Best, a changed man since his interview with the old judge, the probable arrest of Frank Law became a personal matter—a matter that touched him to his very soul. Although he scorned the idea of taking the old man's money, yet he began to feel that the treasurer was being punished enough.

The Reeve knew of cases where such a charge had been dropped when the guilty party had made *good* the deficit. Frank Law had made *good* the defalcation, and the islanders were nothing out of pocket. But working against this feeling of sympathy for a fellow-being in distress were the thoughts of having spent eleven years of his life—eleven years of the best part of his young manhood—behind barred doors and this hardened him. Yes, and how he had spent that time in contemplation of what he would do if he ever came back to the island. How he had gone West only because he knew in that new country no person would ask anything about his past, and there was the chance to make money quickly. Now, as the municipality's head officer, the guardian of the treasury, and bound to them by strong bonds of friendship welded by the years, he had to do his duty, and that duty was the arrest and punishment of the ex-treasurer.

Nor would the people let him forget about the matter.

They stormed his office. Judge Law had been dead two days and the funeral was on the morrow. They couldn't understand why Frank Law wasn't in the lock-up. They came to ask the Reeve about it—he knew the ins and outs of everything.

Nights of sleeplessness had made

ravages on John Best's face and his cheery smile had completely disappeared.

"We called to ask you if you are going to see that this man is arrested," members of a delegation said to him.

"Wait a minute, friends," returned the Reeve—"Give us time. On this island, no criminal shall go unpunished. Proceedings will begin immediately after the funeral. The warrant will be sworn out on Friday—the day after the funeral—and Constable Swartz will serve it. This man will come up for a hearing next Monday at ten o'clock. Are you satisfied?"

"Hurrah!" they shouted in answer. "Silver Island is no place for a grafter. That's what we put you there for, John Best—you made this island famous—we leave it to you."

The funeral on Thursday took place in a little cemetery on the East Side. A service was held at the house and Mr. Owens paid a fitting tribute to the worth of his parishioner just departed. Then the cortege proceeded to the cemetery, the beautiful burial service of the Anglican church was read, and all that was mortal of Judge Law was placed in the grave.

FOR obvious reasons, the Reeve of Silver Island did not attend the funeral, but Frank Law was chief mourner.

Returning from the cemetery, the ex-treasurer was surrounded by the angry islanders, and to the presence of the constable alone is due Frank Law's escape.

In his office at a late hour that night, the Reeve was preparing to go to his room at the hotel. He had put on his hat and coat, turned off the fire in the stove, and was bending over to blow out the light, when he heard a foot-fall on the steps below and the succeeding sounds of someone scrambling up the stairs.

Disheveled and out of breath, pale and haggard, bruised and bleeding, hatless and cold, Frank Law rushed into the room.

"John—John—for God's sake arrest me—take me to the lock-up—they're after me—I'd be safer there, John—Please do me the favor—I can't stay at home—they would kill me—they're watching the house and I came out the back way—see, where I cut myself on barbed wire—John—John—for God's sake do something—don't stand there and look like that—don't John—"

John Best opened the damper in the pipe, stirred up the fire and placed a chair close to the stove.

"Sit down here, Frank, and get warm. You have no business doing this. There is nothing—absolutely nothing—to fear; they won't dare touch you."

Frank Law sat down and the Reeve talked for a long time to him, urging him to bear up, telling him that he would be locked up soon enough and to take things as they came.

The ex-treasurer took heart, he got warmed and he grew quiet. Then the Reeve took him home and saw that he was put to bed.

The next morning Frank Law was arrested. A large crowd followed constable and prisoner to the gaol, where a fire had been kindled and the place cleaned up a bit. Through a heavy door and across a narrow room was the unfortunate man taken. He was pushed into a dark cell and the barred door locked.

The islanders craned their necks to see him. His pale face scowled at them from the dimmest corner of the cell.

Then the constable cleared the lock-up, pulled the door shut, locked it, and went away. One by one the crowd dispersed and the day passed into afternoon, and the afternoon into night.

THE arrest of Frank Law was the sole topic of conversation on the island. The weather was bitter cold. Ice had formed on the lake and communication with the mainland was an impossibility. Law's preliminary trial was memorable: there were no lawyers present.

The hearing came up before Magistrates Loveday of the East Side and McGregor of the North Side. The hall was packed—there was a strong smell of tobacco and fur coats. There was much whispering.

Little evidence was taken. The magistrates nervously turned the pages of the Criminal Code and the Revised Statutes. The charge was read, and they asked the prisoner to plead. He arose and in a voice full of emotion, said, "Guilty."

Reeve John Best, the councillors



Ice had formed on the lake and communication with the main land was impossible

and the auditors—witnesses for the prosecution—occupied the front seats. They moved about uneasily when the prisoner's voice broke the silence of the room.

After a long delay, during which the magistrates conferred in an undertone, Magistrate Loveday asked the prisoner to stand up. It was a dramatic moment.

"Frank Law," he said, clearly, so all could hear. "We have decided to send you up for trial before Judge Boyle at the Spring Assizes at Wilkie. We would strongly advise you to get a lawyer. In the meantime, you will be detained in the Silver Island gaol without bail."

"Court's over—clear the hall," shouted the constable, leading the prisoner down the aisle.

There was a loud thumping of feet, noisy laughter and much talking, the magistrates pulled their whiskers and the crowd gathered outside the hall, satisfied that the reeve would see that this man who robbed their treasury would get his just desserts.

THE first few weeks of his incarceration, visitors to see the ex-treasurer were few and far between. But these good people could not stand off very long, and after a while, they began to call on him and bring him food. The prisoner was cheerful and he encouraged these visits.

In February a thaw set in. This was followed by a heavy frost. A venturesome youth set out with an ice-boat for Wilkie. He returned that night and reported that there was no danger whatever—the ice was splendid. This started an agitation among the islanders to have Frank Law taken to Wilkie for safe-keeping.

John Best heard the talk, for he was one of the first asked to sign the papers to have the man removed, and he did much thinking. He had spent a lot of time lately with the prisoner. He didn't want to see the man removed until spring came. He didn't tell the islanders but he had made up his mind that Frank Law must escape.

He took a trip that day to the north side and he was away the most of the day. What his mission was nobody knew, but they thought it was business.

During the evening he had visitors at his office. At a late hour they went away and he arose and paced the floor

as he had done the deck of the *Marie* four years before. Up and down, up and down, he walked, then he pulled out his watch and impatiently sat down. It lacked but a few minutes of midnight.

He got up and looked out of the window. It was pitch dark outside and the snow was falling. It looked like a heavy storm.

He went to his trunks, after locking his door, and he pulled out their contents. After considerable rummaging, he gathered some heavy clothing together, wrapped it up in a bundle and placed it within reach.

He re-packed his trunks, closed the lids, and went over and sat down by his desk, from time to time casting his eyes on the hands of his watch. At twenty minutes to two he picked up his parcel, extinguished the light, went down the stairs and once in the open, he headed for the gaol, tramping a path through the heavy snow as he went. He unlocked the door and went inside.

"Who's that?" came a voice from the cell, and he answered, "Hush, Frank, it is I."

"They intend to take you to Wilkie to-morrow," he told the prisoner as he lead him over to the stove—"Unless—"

"Unless—what?" demanded the ex-treasurer, eagerly.

The reeve pointed to the bundle and he watched Frank Law as he picked it up and pulled out its contents. The prisoner's face, upon which the fire played through a crack in the stove, was a study in surprise.

"Do you mean for me to—" He couldn't say another word.

"Yes," answered John Best, quickly—"Hurry!"

Immediately Frank Law began donning the clothes and as he did the reeve watched him.

"If you go to Wilkie, you will go to the penitentiary—for nothing can save you. It is an awful place, Frank—an awful place. At the quarries, you will find an ice-boat that I made to-day—it isn't much of an ice-boat, Frank—but it may see you through. Head for the United States and if you ever prayed in your life, pray that you may reach there safely."

Already dressed, the ex-treasurer turned to the reeve and handed him a long document.

"That's yours," he said—"In it you

will find a complete confession of my misdeeds on this island—"

Frank spoke the reeve holding up his hand accepting the paper and throwing it into the fire. "You have paid dearly for your crimes—in another country, try to do better. Are you ready?"

Outside they stopped and looked about them. The island was as silent as the grave, and the snow was getting deeper every minute.

"You have no time to spare—good-bye, Frank, and may the All-Wise Judge see you through."

"Good-bye, John," Frank Law returned, burying his face on the reeve's shoulder. "If I get through, I'll never forget you. If I perish—think of me some time with a little sympathy."

And so they parted.

THE snow that fell that night filled the roads, and the reeve and councillors were out early next morning with their shovellers. This was one of the many duties of the Silver Island council during the stormy winter months.

Breathless to where John Best was directing his gang clear the west road north, came Constable Swartz and announced that Frank Law had escaped.

"Escaped?" ejaculated the reeve, apparently surprised. "Impossible!"

"Escaped?" demanded the men, quitting work for the moment.

"Get men and search the island," John Best commanded. "Swear in as many as you like, but get this fellow. He mustn't escape. Any trace?"

"No," returned the constable. "None whatever."

By night all the main roads had been cleared, and by night the island had been combed for the fugitive. There wasn't a clue. Nobody had seen Frank Law since the night before when at eleven o'clock the constable had visited the gaol to fix the fire. He found the prisoner in his cell at the time and he was sound asleep. When Swartz returned in the morning, he found all the doors locked but the cell was empty. He at once made a search for a possible means of egress, but found none.

"Who has the keys of the lock-up?" they asked. It was evening at the West Side store.

"I have," said the constable.

"And I have," spoke up Reeve Best, quickly. "But I assure you they weren't out of my possession last night."

He didn't have to assure them. They knew he hadn't anything to do with the man's escape. Neither did they place any blame on the constable, for he was an old and tried official. Frank Law must have had a friend on the island. Who could it be?

Leaving the store, John Best went down to the Widow Wurst's. It is strange that although he had been backward and forward so often the islanders had never remarked his interest in the old lady. They thought that he was actuated by sympathy; had they power to foretell what the next few days would bring they would have believed the opposite.

"Mother," he said, after she had placed his chair by the fire. "Frank Law escaped last night—"

"Escaped last night?" the old lady ejaculated.

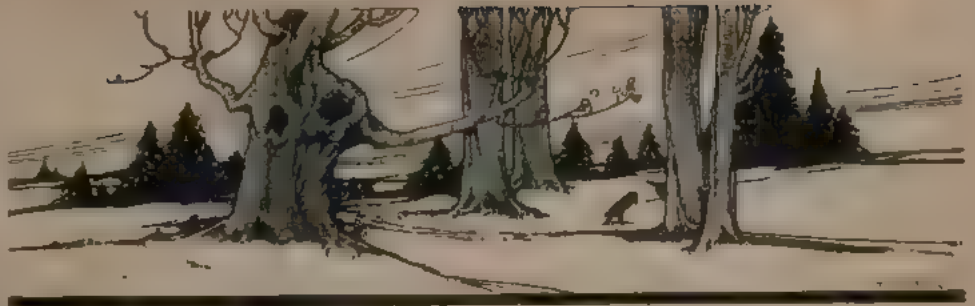
"Yes," he returned. "I let him out early this morning—"

A look of incredible surprise was depicted on the widow's face.

"And you helped him get away—after all he did—"

The Reeve of Silver Island stared for a long time into the fire. When he spoke, he did so in a tone of confidence—

"Mother, the skipper of the *Marie* says that Bill Wurst was a wild lad—perhaps he wasn't as wild as he was painted, Mother, but there is no doubt that he was heading for trouble. When, after the terrible ordeal he went through, he assumed the name of John Best, he cast off the Bill Wurst entity, and resolved to make this world better for having lived in it. As Bill Wurst, nothing would have suited him better



The snow that fell that night filled the roads

than to see Frank Law suffer, but as John Best, who had not seen the inside of a penitentiary, he had to do what he did. Mother, do you understand what I mean?"

Mrs. Wurst came over and stroked his hair and patted his cheek.

"Will, my poor child—I wouldn't have it otherwise—still—still—" and she pointed to a small picture on the wall. "Frank Law killed your father—"

"I know, mother," he returned, dreamily. "But after all it must have been foreordained that he should go that way." He stopped, got up and went over to the window. "To-morrow," he said, "I am going to tell the world who I am. I wonder how they will take it?"

"You are Bill Wurst, and an ex-convict," shouted two or three, excitedly. How the world loves to kick the man who appears down and out!

"You're a murderer," asserted another.

"No ex-convict can run the affairs of Silver Island," came from another voice.

Then like a bolt out of the blue, Bill Wurst thought of Frank Law's written confession. What a fool he had been to destroy it. He knew he might argue all night with these men, but unless he could show them in black and white that he was innocent, they wouldn't believe him. Why had he not prepared for this emergency! He mounted to the platform and raised one hand.

"Friends," he said, "I am innocent—I did not murder John Stanton—before God I protest my innocence to-night as I did that day before the judge—"

"Prove it!" came from the hall, as the door opened and closed. "You say you did not murder Stanton, yet you served time for it. Who killed this man—"

Bill Wurst swallowed a lump in his throat and looked at them—an appealing, pathetic look. Oh, why hadn't he kept Frank Law's confession?

"Who killed John Stanton?" demanded the islanders—"Speak up Bill Wurst."

THEN a voice came from the back of the hall—back near the door where it was dark—a voice they had heard before—a voice they all knew—

"Bill Wurst doesn't have to speak. I killed John Stanton."

Everybody watched Frank Law as he staggered down the aisle. His face, hands and feet frozen, his clothing sheathed in ice and snow—told them without asking of a lost man's losing battle with the elements on Lake Erie in the middle of February.

Having reached the platform, the ex-treasurer turned and faced them.

"You have before you the self-confessed murderer of John Stanton—I have come back that I might pay the price—that an innocent man should suffer no longer—" his voice failed him, he tottered for a minute, then he fell

Continued on page 383



These good people could not stand off very long and after a while they began to call and bring him food.

TO the islanders the confession made by John Best was a great surprise. They didn't want to believe it. The reeve, expecting just such consequences was not disappointed, although as the day wore on he felt that he should never have told them.

Like wild-fire spread the news and Bill Wurst was received very coldly by the very men who had raised John Best to a pedestal of popularity.

The islanders called a meeting in the hall at eight o'clock, deliberated, and sent upstairs for the reeve.

He trembled as he entered the hall. He knew there was trouble in store for him. There was an air of stiffness among the people that he could feel. He was not long kept in ignorance of the object of their meeting.

Ex-Reeve Simpson, never too friendly since the canals had been built and middle-ground had been reclaimed, sprang to his feet and in a loud voice demanded Bill Wurst's resignation—

"What for?" asked the Reeve, in a tone of surprise. "What wrong have I committed?"

Winter Sports in Old Quebec

By Estelline Bennett

Illustrated from Photographs.



The Vice-Regal dog team in Quebec

DEAR JANE:

How I wish you were going to be with me in Canada this winter! Yes, of course, Spring and Summer and Fall are glorious here—but a winter in Canada! You simply cannot imagine how wonderful they are until you have experienced the many thrills of a Canadian winter.

To begin with winter sports in Canada are quite the vogue among the swells from all parts of the North American continent. Last winter we had a lot of people from the States who had been going to Switzerland every year. From reports I hear around Quebec and Montreal many of these people are coming back and will bring a lot of their friends with them. I understand that many of the hotels are booking reservations now. The only wonder is that the outside world did not learn about the winter play grounds of Canada long ago.

Take this quaint old city of Quebec, lying hilly and uneven between the high cliffs of the St. Lawrence river and the blue range of the Laurentian mountains, in the hands of a weather man whose sympathies are all with the ice king, it affords a wonderful setting for

winter sports at their best and in their greatest variety.

TIME was when the Indian and the early French habitant fastened on their snowshoes and tramped across country on purely utilitarian errands. They had little time or necessity for sports as sports, but such were their every day occupations that later generations called them winter sports. They organized snowshoe clubs, had especially woven blankets for the striped habitant suits they wore, and made their cross country runs for pleasure and recreation.

Snowshoeing, the oldest of the winter sports, is at the same time one of the most easily mastered accomplishments. An amateur cannot take hurdles but he can easily learn to tramp smoothly and quickly over soft snow. To the master snowshoer is the joy of the steeple chase and the long drive. Snowshoeing is more or less neglected by the young people of this speed-mad generation because it is "too slow," but their fathers and older brothers have not lost interest in the old sport that was founded on an insistent practical need. The snowshoer like, the man

who drives a horse, knows his country as no racing, strenuous skier or motorist ever can know it. Anything more charming to remember than a snowshoe tramp through the pine woods on a moonlight night, is hard to imagine. The most beautiful picture of Quebec stamped on the minds of some of its own people is a vision of the walled, turretted city with the great sea-like river at its feet, silhouetted against a sunset sky as they turned to look back from the heights above the town, after stopping to fasten their snow shoes more securely before going on their way over high piled drifts of snow toward Montmorency Falls.

EVERY country in the world where the snow lies deep in the winter has contributed its best cold weather gaiety to Canada. Skiing, which came over from Scandinavia, is something not to be lightly acquired. The test for membership in the Quebec Ski Club reads like the list of events at a professional athletic meet.

The second class test consists of a cross country run over a course not less than four and not greater than six miles in length, to be made in ten minu-

tes or less; and exhibitions of the Tele-mark and Christiana swings. For the first class test, the candidate must have passed the second and is then required to show his skill in jumping.

Good ski jumpers are rare even in Canada, but good skiers who can make good swings and average jumps are so numerous that skiing parties ending in supper dances are the most popular form of amusement among the young people. School boys and girls spend their holidays and after school hours skiing, sometimes in lines as long as the streets are wide. They start on the Cove Fields, the children, and ski down to the esplanade below the Parliament building. The older skiers usually make their runs out across the historic Plains of Abraham.

A form of skiing much in vogue is ski-joring which means that the skiers drive a horse, one horse to each couple, thereby greatly accelerating the speed, although at no time is speed noticeably lacking quality in the sport of skiing.

THE outdoor sport most thrilling to the onlooker is hockey, which of course is not confined to Quebec or any one quarter of Canada. A championship game of hockey is one long drawn out excitement. The wild delight of it never lags for an instant. And the best hockey playing in the world is in Canada. In Quebec on the eve of "Little Christmas," one of the greatest of French-Canadian fete days, the world's championship was tied at a game between the Quebec team and the Wanderers from Montreal. The event was



The triple toboggan slide down the Dufferin terrace in front of the Chateau Frontenac

'like a first night at the opera except that the women in the boxes wore furs and most of the men were in khaki. Instead of motors waiting outside were carioles and open sleighs. But the crowd was a large one and gay, in spite of the tragic significance of the men in khaki. Although hockey has become a professional game like base ball with high priced players and a national

league, it is still a favorite among the amateurs and growing boys, and is played on all the open air rinks. The wonder is that it remains so distinctly a Canadian game. No game is better fitted to be the center and reason of a gala occasion. It is as easily understood by the uninitiated onlooker as polo and has the advantage of being closer to the spectator. It never gets as far away as polo. And wherever the ice is good enough for fancy skating, hockey is possible.



Snowshoeing, the oldest of the winter sports, is at the same time one of the most easily mastered accomplishments

SKATING is scarcely a sport in Quebec. It is one of the accepted facts of life. It is the thing that knows no race nor language. Everybody skates. They form impromptu carnival parties on the open air rinks. In the midst of the skilled skaters and those who are learning, there appears suddenly a black-face comedian who can do a cake walk on the ice, or a Charlie Chaplin who tumbles around on his skates recovering himself with an agility that is amazing even to professional skaters.

The French Canadians dance but little. They leave that to the English. They are not tremendously fond of skiing. Most of them snowshoe more or less, but they all skate. Last winter on the open air rink in connection with the Chateau Frontenac, young girls in their quiet dark Norfolk tailored suits and little felt hats, skated with men in khaki—always men in khaki. The city was filled with territorial troops and the military atmosphere was pronounced.



Bob sleighing near Quebec

It would seem to the stranger that all the young men in Canada were in Quebec waiting to go to the front. Boys and small children appeared on the ice in the gay habitant suits. At night the wall of evergreen trees that shut in the rink was lighted with colored lights and it was all very gay. There was a great deal of fancy skating that was not confined to the young people, for Canadians begin to skate when they begin to walk. At the indoor rink on the Grande Allee opposite the Parliament building, carnivals and fancy dress parties were given, the proceeds going to the Red Cross. "Red Cross" suggests war but Quebec is too French in its very heart and soul to show the depression of war. Someone has said that the underlying cause of French gaiety is that the "French have overcome the fear of unhappiness."

FROM Scotland was brought the distinctive game of curling, which is claimed by experts to have no equal as a sport for the tired business man because of its sociability and its mental rest. It isn't a fast game like hockey, and permits of much friendly conversation. It is played without skates and the player must be able to stand easily on slippery places. When once a man becomes devoted to it, he never gives it up. There are men in Quebec eighty years old who are still among the best curlers. Many grey-haired elderly men are seen on the ice with their brooms sweeping clean the smooth surface in front of the sliding stone that looks like a squat kettle with a handle on the top. The players wear rakish

little Scotch Tam O'Shanters and sashes around their Norfolk coats—costumes brought evidently from Scotland with the game, although the sashes are often, as in all Quebec sports costumes, the diagonally striped long-fringed sash of the Huron Indians. Curling is a great family game and many fathers and sons play it together.

"Eh Father, sweep away there," the boy calls out with the same familiar camaraderie that he shouts to another boy, "sweep away there."

No game makes a stronger appeal to men of affairs than curling. It is not as strenuous as hockey, and the feeling for triumph does not run as high. The conferences at the end of the rink are friendly discussions. There is enough exercise to keep the blood running warm, and that it is a good

game goes without saying or a man wouldn't keep playing it from his early boyhood on into his eighties.

One of the many games played on the ice which tests the skill of the skater and provides exhilarating exercise is ice basketball, which is comparatively unknown in the United States. It is described in detail by a Canadian instructor in winter outdoor athletics.

"The ball is started off in the same manner as the 'pack.'

"Bodily combat or rough play, pushing, etc., is a foul.

"For a foul a free shot is given.

"If an opponent touches a player with the ball, the ball is again put in play as at the center.

"A player may carry the ball the length of the playing space and may shoot providing he does not take over one stroke with the skate or if he is not touched by an opponent.

"The basket is of the usual height on a movable base.

"The regulation ball may be used."

Usually the last sport to come into the winter schedule in Quebec is tobogganing. A few venturesome enthusiasts try the slide before it is completed but the crowd waits until the triple slide has been properly iced and smoothed and the snow drifts piled by the side down along the Dufferin terrace in front of the Chateau Frontenac.

By the time the long holiday season, which ends with Little Christmas, is over, the toboggan slide is in condition and the gaiety is on.

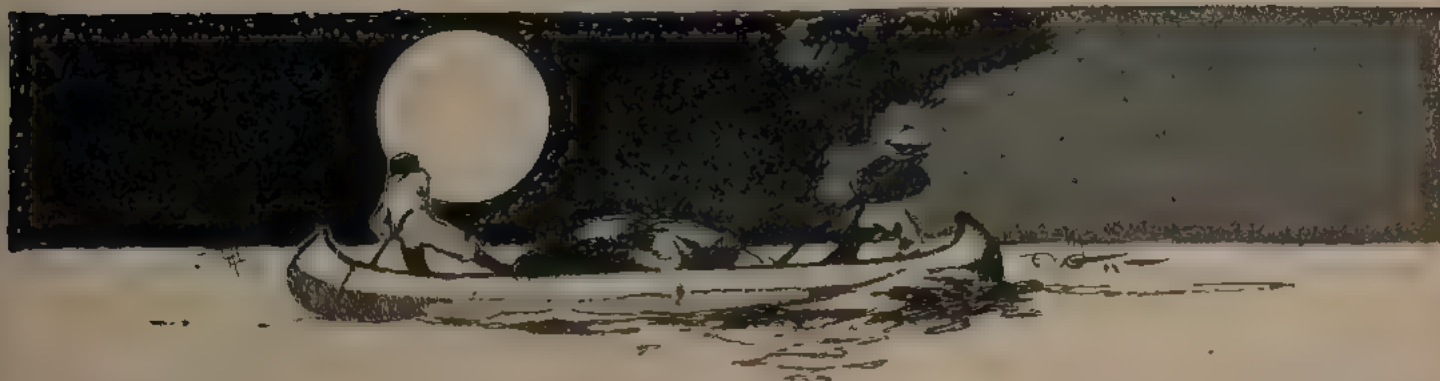


The test for membership in the Quebec Ski Club reads like the list of events at a professional athletic meet

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Finally she came to him, her cheeks flushed, her charm and her beauty heightened, in a last effort to attract him to her, to cause him to place his arms about her, an effort that was instinctive like the turning of a flower towards the sun.

"Wilt thou not dance, Ahteck?" she asked, softly.

"I know not how to dance," he answered, with a catch in his breath. "I have never danced."

"Wilt thou not try?" she pleaded.

"No, it is no use," he replied, and in his accent was some of the bitterness of his sorrow. "I am not one that can ever share in the happiness of others. Thou canst not understand."

"Try—please try!" she persisted.

But he put out his hand, gently, waving her aside, and then the full weight of her crushing grief fell upon the girl, and she ran out of doors, into the darkness, away from all these people whose joy seemed to make her suffering greater.

The fiddles continued to grind away, loudly, and the old accordion was doing its best. The floor was resounding with the tread of many feet; merry voices were making a babel of French and Montagnais. But through the confusion of it all Ahteck heard a sudden shriek and leaped out of the room, followed by others.

Big Baptiste, better known as Peshu, the Lynx, who had already pestered Mititash with his attentions, was the cause of the trouble. He had been drinking with some of the others, outside, and when the girl came out and passed by him he had caught her by the waist, probably meaning no great harm but full of the devilment caused by the fiery spirits he had taken.

"Struggle not!" he cried. "Thou canst not escape me! Thou art Mititash the very beautiful one. Until I have a kiss thou shalt not go!"

But the girl's passion of grief had turned to one of fierce anger; she struggled, wild to be free, to run away from all these people, to reach her home and throw herself upon her bed to weep her heart out. Even now her eyes were full of tears, and when she found that she was unable to tear herself away from the man's grasp she shrieked in her despair.

In two tremendous leaps Ahteck was upon them, while others were streaming out of the barn to see what the matter was. With a fierce grasp he caught Peshu's arms and tore them apart, giving him a push that sent him reeling to the ground while Mititash staggered away, a few steps off, shaken and sobbing. But Peshu was swiftly on his feet again, and ran to Ahteck, raging like a maddened bull, and with his great clenched fist dealt him a blow with all the power of the fury that was upon him, full in the face. Then he drew back, watchful, crouching, expecting the battle.

For an instant Ahteck was stunned, but then a frenzy came upon him, and it was good, a relief to the awful turmoil that was in his soul. He advanced, looking like a great antlered moose in a rage and about to clash with his rival. He felt that he was about to tear his adversary limb from limb, to crush him into a bleeding pulp, to kill him. The instinct of the mink about to tear at the throat of the muskrat was upon him, the desire of the wolf for the hot and steaming blood of his prey, the cruelty of the wolverine crunching at the neck of a palpitating victim.

And then, all at once, the memory of that other crashing blow at far-off Grand Lac flashed through his brain in lightning vision. Once more the vengeful curse of the spirits of evil was fastening its talons more firmly upon him. He stared, stricken with horror, and suddenly fled—fled like the wind away from the fierce and bestial temptation to revel in a killing.

And as he ran he heard men—aye, and women too, shouting, "*Meluelimou! Le Lache!*" (The Coward!)

CHAPTER XIX.

HEART OF A WOMAN.

PAUL was running about from one man to another, while Peshu staggered away, somewhat sobered. Ahteck's partner was crazed with anger and shook his fist in people's faces. He was beside himself, torn and hurt by the awful words that had been spat out at the man he simply worshipped.

"I tell you that he is no coward!" he was yelling. "He is the bravest one among you all. He could have killed Peshu!"

"But he ran," said a woman, grimly. "Ran like an *ahum*, like a cur that is pelted with stones!"

Whereat Paul was overwhelmed with woe, and a small hand was placed in pity on his arm, and through his blurred eyes he saw the daughter of Pilon, little Marie, who shared his sorrow and sought to comfort him.

In the meanwhile Uapukun was hurrying home with Mititash, having found her weeping in the darkness, on the road that passes in front of the red barn, and seized her hand. They were both hastening away while over the happy crowd had fallen a pall that wrapped it up in dark folds, for Ahteck

had always been deemed a great man among them and now their divinity had shown feet of clay. The mighty had fallen, and the little bride was weeping on her husband's shoulder.

Uapukun was soon compelled to slow her gait, for her poor overburdened heart was beating wildly. Yet she endeavored to keep on, with one hand pressed to the bosom which had already suffered so many wounds, and in which there was now an indescribable pain. Oh! Would the consequence of her action, done in ignorance and under the resistless temptation of great love, never cease to punish her in the person of her great boy, of the son she worshipped with the love that passeth understanding?

She was bowed down with sorrow; her form early bent by the weight of years too heavily laden with pain, was now like that of a very old woman, though she was not yet fifty. But at her side Mititesh seemed to have grown in stature, walking erect, well-nigh defiantly. She understood the grief of the older woman, at least in part, and shared it in full measure.

She also had been stricken with awe, amazed with a great wonder. Nothing as to the first cause of these dreadful things had ever been known to her, since their secret was locked up in the hearts of Ahteck and his mother, shared also by one kindly old priest who prayed for them. But now she was a woman, a woman who loved with all her heart and soul, one to whom the man who held her being in the hollow of his hand would ever be great and strong a man needing no condoning, one to whom every instinct of her beautiful womanhood drew her, irresistibly, with a power such as that of mighty waterfalls, or of the fires of heaven that come down and shatter lofty pines or play havoc with the summits of mountains.

She was eager to get to him, for he was not only the man she loved, but also a brother to her, in whose house she had been welcomed, who had ever treated her kindly, like a beloved child, who had carried her out of the wilderness when she was starving and had prayed over the bodies of her people. Hers was now the instinct of all that is best and most noble in woman, the longing to cherish and console, to bear burdens for others.

What if his hand had waved her aside? What if he had of late even seemed to shun her, and had declared to his mother that his heart held no love for her? She loved him still, more strongly than ever since he had suffered in defending her. She would always love him and cling to him with all the power of her strong young body, with all the might of her brave heart and gentle soul!

She continued to hold the older wo-

man's hand as if the bond of their common love had brought them nearer than ever before, both eager to bear their share of the weight of the cross that rested so crushingly upon those tremendous shoulders.

They found him within the little house, sitting dejectedly in the darkness, his arms sprawling on the table before him, his head bowed down upon them. But he sat up when they entered the room, and as his mother placed her hand upon his shoulder, after lighting the small lamp, he lifted up his bruised face and sought to smile, a brave, strong, quiet smile. He knew he had no need to explain anything to her.

But Mititesh threw herself down, kneeling on the floor before him and seeking one of his hands.

"Oh! Ahteck! I beg thy forgiveness!" she cried. "I should not have tried to go away from the dancing. It has been my fault and my punishment to have thee drawn into this quarrel. I ask thy pardon!"

At her the man also smiled. He had never thought to blame her in any way for what had happened. If any one were at fault it was himself, or rather, as he believed, the evil influences that always surrounded him. In his heart he had begun to realize fully that Mititesh loved him, and felt his own passion surging like fire through his veins. But he firmly believed that he must escape from it, run away before it as he had already done before Peshu, because every fibre of his being was striving against him and tempting him beyond his strength.

And this was the beginning of the real torture. He felt that he could never continue to see her about him every day; that he could not keep on living in the same house with her, knowing that she would be sleeping behind that partition, her bosom rising and falling, as it had done beside him in the great northland woods, while his own heart would hammer at his ribs and his head would be on fire. He had but to open his arms—he knew it well—and she would come to them, with a cry of joy. But all this was but a terrible temptation to lure him so that, by dragging her in his own fate, he might more surely be destroyed.

"Surely there is no forgiveness needed from me, little Mititesh," he said slowly. "In what thou didst there was no thought to offend. I have it in mind that I was the one to hurt thee and therefore I am the one to ask thy pardon. But I am as a brother to thee, and thou as a very dear sister to me, and never in all these years has there been any need of forgiveness between us, for we have always been the best of friends. Go to thy bed now, Mititesh, and let not these things spoil thy sleep,

for they are over with now, and if God wills may be soon forgotten."

The girl rose and stood before him, hesitating for a moment. Then she left the room with unsteady footsteps, and after she was gone Uapukun rose.

"Oh! My son," she whispered, eagerly, "why keep on throwing away the happiness that might be thine? Why continue in such sorrow, or making the child's heart and perpetrating sorrow to thy mother?"

"It may be that the people were right when they cried out against me as a coward," he answered. "And I feel it in my heart that I would be the greater coward if I dragged her into a punishment that I alone have earned. I have decided, after much thinking, I will leave and go to other places far away. The land is very great, and over which fur may be taken any place is a big world in which there is need of the arms of strong men."

At this Uapukun rose. If her figure had been bent and looked old under the pressure of sorrow and pain it was now erect again as in the days of her youth. She was once more like the brave woman whose courage had allowed her to flee through a vast wilderness and affront starvation and death in her indomitable resolve to escape from an object of hatred.

"Art thou indeed my great son Ahteck?" she asked, placing her hand upon his shoulder. "Wouldst thou leave us to suffer alone? Thou art not the only one that has borne pain. My poor breast that once led me to thy wondrous strength has also felt pang! Who knows better than I how salt and bitter are the tears that keep on flowing year after year? And I also know the heart of a woman, to which thou art blind! Thou wouldst be a coward indeed to forbid those who love thee to share thy danger! The girl Mititesh whose coming brought rays of happiness into this house of grief is strong to endure and strong to love. I, Uapukun, the mother who bore thee, forbid thee however great and strong thou art to leave her without giving her a choice, I go to call her!"

Ahteck put up his hand protesting, seeking to prevent her from doing this thing, but it was in vain for she passed him, proud and erect as he had not seen her for some years, and went to the girl's little room.

Mititesh was not yet undressed. She was kneeling with her face resting upon her joined hands, at the side of her bed.

"Come with me, Mititesh," said the mother. "I want thee."

Hand in hand they entered the living room, where Ahteck still sat at the little table and looked at them in awe.

"Mititesh," said Uapukun. "I must speak to thee. I have long watched the growing of thy love for my son."

"Thy son!" cried the girl.

"Ay, I am the mother who bore him."

Mititesh kept silent. Her head hung low; she was afraid with a great vague fear.

"And I also know that my son loves thee. But there is a terrible thing that makes him want to leave us, to go away to other lands, to pass out of our lives."

"Mother!" exclaimed Ahteck.

"What is the use of such words? My fate can never be changed. Nothing can ever take away the things that were done years ago!"

But Uapukun waved him aside, heedless of what he said. It seemed as if he were no longer her big son, the head of the family, the man whose word was law to which all owed obedience, but still a small boy over which she had authority as in the days of his childhood.

"I am speaking," she said, calmly, "and you both must hear. Mititesh, I must tell thee now that many years ago Ahteck slew a man, and the man was his father! But Ahteck did not know this, and killed him to save me from harm. Yet the man was his father! I was also guilty of a great sin, telling others that the child was my brother. It was a great wrong, for which I have suffered, and I seek no excuse. There was a man who truly loved me, and I feared to tell him the truth. His memory is blessed in my heart. The deed was done, and Ahteck since then has always believed that a great punishment must come, and this may be true. No one can say that it is not, even at this moment, ready to fall upon us! It is a fearful thing, is it not? For a moment, Mititesh, I saw thee shrink as I spoke. Ahteck says he will never drag a woman he loves into the fate that is hanging over him. But he knows nothing of that which lies in a woman's heart. How great, O Mititesh, is thine?"

The girl stared at her and then, turning to Ahteck, threw herself at his feet, her voice trembling with a great emotion, her eyes appealing to him.

"I know not how great my love is," she cried. "How may a woman ever know? But surely I hunger to take upon me thy punishment. For love of thee I would suffer all the pains of this world and the anguish of hell that I might give thee happiness!"

"That is a real woman's heart," said Uapukun.

Ahteck rose, very unsteadily. His breast was torn and his resolution faltering. Before the greatness of such love he felt as weak as a little child.

But he suddenly ran off to the door.

"Oh! Do not tempt me!" he cried.

"It is more than I can bear. A fire is burning in my head! I must think! Indeed I love thee, Mititesh, but there is a terrible fear in my heart lest some



Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupoes arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman.

evil may befall thee! I would bear my punishment alone!"

He went out of the house, running blindly away, he knew not whither, while the two women fell into each other's arms, weeping.

All night the man wandered, first on the silent road, then on the rock-strewn beach, looking into the glittering heavens for a portent, listening to the lapping of waves upon the shore, hearkening to the whispering leaves of aspens, as if some mysterious sound or the falling of a star might have told him which way to turn.

He looked at the shining path of the moonlight upon the vast waters, and at the stars overhead. Sitting upon a boulder rounded by centuries of ice, he held his throbbing head in his hands, seeking in vain to solve the unknown. He was after all but a poor ignorant savage, wise indeed in the mysterious ways of the wilderness, innocent as to the ways of men, touched by civilization just enough to complicate the difficulties before him, while the manner of his thoughts was influenced by dim notions of heathen lore.

Most of the latter represented life as a fierce, unending struggle between rival powers whose unchained forces swept men and things aside, like dead leaves before a gale, helpless, irresponsible, with no ability to do aught but suffer and succumb. The man was blown about with them, and twisted into their eddies; uplifted at times to the tree-tops and then cast down again, ruthlessly, until the anger of the powers of evil should have exhausted itself upon him before turning on others. And he believed that such things would continue throughout the ages to come, the bodies of fallen leaves and men making soil whereupon others would grow in turn, to strive for a time and die at last in unequal combat.

All this was hardly shaped in his mind; it was but a dark instinctive inheritance acquired from generations that had gone before, like the force that draws the whelp to the dugs of its mother, like the turning of some flowers towards the light of the sun.

Finally came the hours of the early morning, and he still sat there weakened by the long struggle, with no will of his own, content to let himself drift away with any current that might seize him. He would contend no more, for he had become as a small child that seeks comfort. He would return to his house and allow the women to point out the way to him, for he could no longer find the trail alone.

They would take him by the hand and lead him and, perchance, they would be able to guide him out of the shaking bog into which he had sunk and bring him out into the open, upon hard ground that would no longer quake

under him. He was like a man awakening from a prolonged fever, whose delirium has sapped his will and strength until nothing remains but a sense of weakness and a shaken spirit.

He rose, with limbs stiffened by inaction, his clothing wet and clinging with the dew. A great peace had come upon him, but it was not happiness. There was nothing in him of the groom hastening to his bride or the man going forth to some place wherein he will find a great joy that may be his for the asking—nay, that others are eager to thrust upon him.

In his aimless wandering he had gone quite far. He found himself a long way west of the reservation, on the road towards St. Felicien, and would be compelled to pass through nearly the whole length of the Indian village before he could reach his home.

Cocks were beginning to crow, sending forth their challenges, and the few cattle in the small pastures dotted with stumps were heavily rising to their feet and beginning to seek the best herbage. A few lank dogs came from retreats beneath the houses, stretched out their limbs and, with noses to the ground, resumed their ever unavailing search for something that might be good to eat. Some of them barked at him. Further on a cat crossed the road hurriedly, sneaking back after an all-night hunt, with something in its mouth. Some sparrows began to chirp.

Ahteck walked on, slowly, seeing little that was before him, moving after the dull fashion of a man after a drunken sleep. He passed before a small house. Near the front door, which was wide open, stood a clumsy wooden bench, and upon this a bright tin basin. A man was in front of it, washing his face and scrubbing it with a coarse towel. It was his partner Paul.

The man upset the basin, dashed out into the road, and caught Ahteck by the arm, dragging him, unresisting, into the house where an old woman was pottering over a stove.

"Tea, mother!" he cried. "Make it strong and black, and plenty of it. Here is that great fool Ahteck! God only knows where he has been. Look at thyself, man, with thy bedraggled clothes that were thy best. And thy face, with one eye closed and all swollen and black. Thou poor devil, but it makes my heart sore to look at thee! Sit down here, close to the fire. Thou hast surely been wandering all night like an old she-cat that is looking for her young that have been drowned, and the mosquitoes have bitten thee until I would not have known thee but for thy bigness, that is as great as thy folly. Pardon me, I do not mean to offend thee, but after all that has happened I am half crazy myself. Sit down, I tell thee, and drink hot tea.

Nearer the stove, for thy teeth are chattering."

Paul was bustling around him, excitedly, hardly knowing what he was saying, while the old mother hurried to serve his friend, whom she loved greatly because he was the man who had caused her son to prosper so that he had been able once more to put a roof over her head.

In this kindly atmosphere Ahteck felt again like a man who is recovering from a great sickness and to whom the world is beginning to look a little brighter. The affection and the care of these good people was like a balm that was being poured over his wounds. A pleasant sensation of languor came over him as, when a convalescent knows that eager hopes may at last be fulfilled.

"As soon as we shall have eaten," said Paul, "we will go over to thy house. I will hitch up the little mare—that is growing fat and lazy with too much idleness. Thou shalt not be allowed to walk and show that face of thine to all."

With the tact of instinctive kindness he forbore to speak of the happenings of the previous night. But he was still full of wonder. It seemed so amazing, so utterly unexplainable that Ahteck had not shown then, as he always had before, how mightier he was than all other men. Peshu! Why, the man would have been crushed by a single blow! It passed the good fellow's understanding, but his friendship and his devotion were as great as ever. He had not the slightest doubt that over Ahteck some strange spell had fallen as happens when men go mad or young dogs suddenly froth at the mouth, in convulsions.

But Ahteck would not hear of Paul's offer. He had, apparently, quite recovered his habitual calm way of confronting difficulties.

"I will walk over there," he said. "I am the same man that I was. These people who cried out that I was a coward were all friends at one time. I care not if they are turned into enemies now, but I believe many will still be friends. My life is to be spent among them, they will see my face every day, I will not turn it away from them now. I have borne in my life much greater shame and sorrow, though it was all in my heart and hidden from others. They may laugh if they will."

Paul sought to make him alter his decision but, failing, rose after a time to go with him. The morning was advancing upon the road good men, idly smoking their pipes and talking together. Women were beginning to come out of tents and houses, those fortunate enough to own a cow carrying milk-pails.

To be continued.

How the M. P.'s Earn Their Salt

By Tom King

Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery

IF the laborer be worthy of his hire, the average member of the House of Commons is probably entitled to the more or less generous salary paid to him by a more or less grateful country. For a long time we cherished the tradition that our members of parliament should work for nothing. They voted themselves \$1,000 a session which was supposed to about cover their hotel bill in Ottawa for the session. In 1903 it was raised to \$1,500. Two years later it was increased to \$2,500, and may now fairly be considered a "salary." If your M.P. found himself out of pocket when he got \$1,000 for a session that lasted ten months he certainly found himself in clover when, in April, 1915, he received indemnity for a session that had lasted only ten weeks.

Perhaps unavoidably all members must receive the same salary. The members from the far West claim, however, that they are really discriminated against. A British Columbia member, if he is at all attentive to his duties, must practically come to Ottawa when the session begins and remain interned there until the session is over. He cannot go home for the week-end as does your member from many districts in Ontario, or run back and forth between his business at home and his business at Ottawa as do some of the members from the province of Quebec. It is quite possible for Mayor Martin or some other Montreal M.P. to be at work in Montreal during the greater part of the day and yet register his attendance at the House of Commons every evening. The far western and for that matter the far eastern members see no reason why the House should not sit on Saturday, but the Saturday adjournment, following the British precedent, is eagerly adhered to by the members from Central Canada and comes as a welcome break in the



House chamber in old Parliament building, was frequently most as barren of M.P.s as in this view

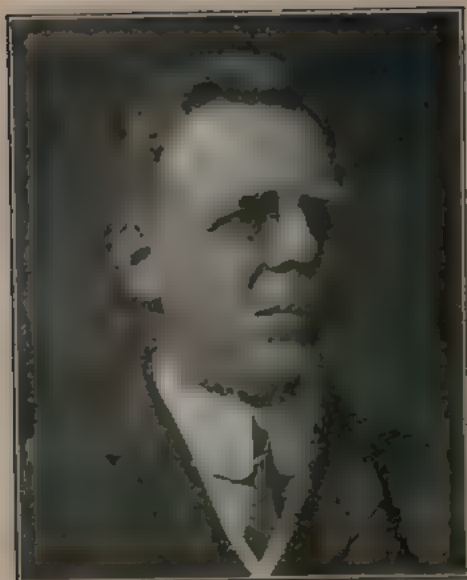
week to the members of the government. There are Saturday sittings at the close of every session; but of these hereafter.

Perhaps the most preposterous thing about parliament is the fact that it does not meet for the transaction of business until three o'clock in the afternoon. Why two hundred sane men, presumably with some business to transact, should put off getting at it until nearly sundown on a winter's day, no one has yet been able to explain. Many of the members of the House are farmers, country merchants, country doctors and men accustomed to getting up when the sun rises and retiring shortly after the sun has gone to rest. Of course, they wake up at Ottawa about seven o'clock in the morning and are quite ready to go to work at nine. It is almost pathetic to see some of them overcome by drowsiness and fairly ready to go to bed before the work of the day begins. Even then, if the House met at three and remained continuously in session it might adjourn at some reasonable hour, but with the dinner recess from six to eight o'clock we have the heavy work of the parliamentary session

transacted by tired and sleepy men at ten, eleven or twelve o'clock at night and sometimes at two, three or four o'clock in the morning!

But you may ask, what is this "heavy" work thus cast upon the ever-sleepy but apparently never-sleeping members of parliament? Do they really have any particular work to do? How constantly do they remain on the job? Would it make any great difference if, let us say, half of the members never showed up at all, assuming that the absentees were so distributed between the two political parties as not to upset the government majority?

A GOOD many thoughtful observers believe that under our rigid twoparty system in Canada parliamentary government has ceased to exist. They say that the House of Commons, like the King, rules in theory but not in fact. Parliament is supposed to be supreme and the cabinet is in theory but a committee of the House. Governments we know may be voted out of office and are "responsible" to parliament. But no government in Canada has ever been hurled from power by an irate House of Commons, and the various "divisions" and want-of-confidence votes are the merest formalities. The House does not appoint the cabinet; it does not even choose its own speaker. The leader of a victorious party organizes a government and certain portfolios are given to fellow members of the House. Often, however, the most important positions go to men who have never seen Ottawa. Thus, in 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called to his cabinet, party leaders who were not and never had been members of the Dominion parliament, notably Fielding, Blair, Mowat and Sifton. In 1911 Sir Robert Borden gave commanding positions to Hon. Frank Cochrane, Hon. J. D. Hazen, Sir Thomas White and



John Stanfield,

M. P. for Colchester, N. S., Chief Government Whip

Hon. Robert Rogers, and it is an open secret that portfolios were also offered to Sir James Whitney and Sir Richard McBride.

Thus it will be seen that a new government may start off with its leading members quite out of touch with the traditions of the House. True, seats are found for them and they must take part in the business of parliament, but they may never catch the tone of the House or feel any pride in maintaining its authority and traditions. Every year, ministers of the Crown become more and more like commissioned officers of high rank in the army, while their parliamentary supporters are merely "privates." Something like a social chasm, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a social caste grows up. Thus on festal occasions it is considered *infra dig* for ministers of the Crown to ride in the same conveyance with the ordinary members of parliament.

This is important to bear in mind because when parliament assembles it has little to do but to register the decrees of the government.

When the tariff is revised, for example, it is the Cabinet, not the House that makes the revision. The resolutions that raise and lower duties become effective the moment they are laid on the table of the House at the close of the budget speech. All parliament can do is to register the ukase of the government. True, the House might reject the budget, but that would mean a change in government or a general election.

It is so in the case of nearly all other legislation; the average member of parliament has not the slightest idea what the government he supports intends to do until the thing is already done. It is even said that some of the

less important cabinet ministers are not always well posted on the government's policy. This is true no matter what government is in power, no matter what party is in opposition.

A notable case was the Quebec and Saguenay legislation. Sir Rodolphe Forget, M.P. for Charlevoix and Montmorency, knew what the government was going to do and so perhaps did certain members of the opposition; but the rank and file of the members on either side of the House did not know what was going on until the government's proposals were submitted in the dying day of the session. I pick out this case advisedly because it is one of those deals for which the party leaders on both sides were responsible.

VERY little legislation affecting the railways, the banks, or other big corporations goes through parliament except by something like a by-partisan agreement. There is a great show of fighting, but it is largely a sham battle. The party whips really arrange the length of the debate, the time of the voting, and the details of the comedy. The chief government whip is the confidential agent of the prime minister as the chief opposition whip is the right hand man of the leader of the opposition. They take no part as a rule in the debates of the House, but they are powerful cogs in the parliamentary machine.

We are apt to picture members of parliament all assembled in one chamber studiously reading the B. N. A. Act, drafting legislation, and taking part in more or less fiery debates. In a general way we imagine that all the members get together, including the ministers of the Crown, and decide upon the laws that should be passed for the benefit of the country; agree upon the expenditures needed for the public service, and in a general way discuss and decide the fate of the nation. The tradition that the average member of parliament can directly influence legislation still lingers among the people.

As a matter of fact, very few laws are passed at any session and no bill can possibly become a law unless it is brought down or taken over by the government. Of the one hundred or two hundred bills which parliament passes every session, ninety per cent. relate to company charters, divorces or something of that kind. No bill appropriating a single dollar of public money, no bill relating to the revenue, and no bill affecting trade or commerce can be introduced except by the government or by the express direction of the House.

This leaves the ambitious young member, anxious to have a law labelled with his name, confined to a pent-up



J. G. Turiff,

M. P. for Assiniboia, a hard fighter for the opposition

Utica. He may propose some amendment to the criminal code or to the elections act, but his bills never really get before the House. The rules are so cunningly devised that all such measures promptly find their way to the parliamentary bone-yard. Upon the "Orders of the Day" you will find them embalmed under the caption of "Public Bills and Orders."

The average member soon learns that the government of the day and not the House of Commons does the legislating for the country. He is not asked to devise policies, frame tariffs, or bother his head about legislation. If he is a government supporter he will stay around the parliament building, ready to vote when summoned by the division bell, but he will spend mighty



Sir Rodolphe Forget,

M. P. for Charlevoix and Montmorency, who engineered Quebec and Saguenay Railway purchase

little time in the chamber of the House. Indeed, but few members are in the chamber the greater part of the time. All governments have a fashion of bringing down their most important legislation in the closing hours of the session when the House is sitting morning, noon and night, and all day Saturday up to midnight. Some big financial grants to railway corporations have slipped through at ten o'clock of a Saturday night with less than a quorum present.

The long drawn out "debates" which sometimes go on for weeks at a time consist mainly of set speeches intended for the Hansard reporters, listened to only by them. In committee of supply, however, opposition members do a good deal of talking and make up a good deal of campaign material. In the old days Hon. Dr. Sproule, Hon. Haughton, Lennox, Richard Blain of Peel and others of the Conservative old guard were always on hand when the government tried to get supply.

Now it is the Liberals who stay in the chamber while supply is under discussion. The Nova Scotia Liberals are always in evidence, and there are many other faithful attendants like Duncan Ross of Middlesex, and J. G. Turriff of Assiniboia. There are times when the minister trying to get through his estimates resembles somewhat a stag at bay with members of the opposition assailing him and his department in every way. But those who know have no anxiety as to the fate of the minister. All estimates are finally voted precisely as they are presented to the House by the government.

When the Hon. William Pugsley made his initial bow as Minister of Public Works to the Committee of Supply, the opposition of that day began to bait him furiously. The first item in his estimates happened to be an appropriation of \$200, for laying a granolithic sidewalk in front of the postoffice at Antigonish, N.S. Nobody cared a copper about the particular item, but many members wanted to take a fall out of the new minister and they were ably led by the vitriolic Major Fowler of King's, N.B. The discussion lasted some three days. Of course, in the end the item passed, but a month or two later, in the dying hours of the session, an item appropriating \$30,000,000 for the construction of the national transcontinental railway went through after a debate that lasted less than two hours!

Dull as the proceedings often are in



A five story replica of the above building now being constructed for Parliament. In the meantime the Hansard reports will originate from the old museum building



committee of supply, they have to be carefully watched by the men in the press gallery. Indeed, from a newspaper standpoint it is safer to miss hours or days of some formal debate than to miss an hour when things are apparently at their dullest in committee of the whole, for you never can tell what may happen. The discussions in committee stage are informal and often quite irrelevant, for any member can speak as often as he chooses, and he often wanders far afield from the subject under discussion. This applies equally to the House in committee of ways and means and to the House in committee of supply.

Sometimes a snarl will arise in committee of the whole which leads to an all-night session. On one occasion, over a somewhat trifling dispute, the House sat continuously for fifty-seven hours, and the committee only rose and reported to the House when the time reached the fateful hour of Saturday midnight. No politician cares to take the responsibility of keeping the house sitting on Sunday. It was rumored that the Borden government would keep the House in continuous session over Sunday during the long blockade of the naval aid bill. The subject was undoubtedly before the cabinet, and many people would have justified the government in going ahead, but wiser counsels prevailed and the Lord's Day Act was not violated.

The fifty-seven hour sitting arose over a dispute respecting what it

should cost a good accountant for board in the city of Ottawa. Bills had been put in by two New York accountants for subsistence at the rate of \$15.00 per day. This seemed pretty high to the ordinary member and there was a demand for vouchers. An Ontario member, who has since retired into private life, arose and said there was no need of any vouchers because the two gentlemen in question boarded at the same place he did.

"Do you pay \$15.00 a day?" someone called out ironically.

"No," responded the sturdy economist from western Ontario, "I pay \$5.00 a week."

Then, of course, there was more than ever a strong demand that the vouchers should be produced, and the minister in charge refused for the time to produce them, but said he would go on with some other item.

Indeed, we incline rather to under-rate the House of Commons than to do it full justice. The House may have its failings, but it can rise superbly to a great occasion. No one could but be impressed with its courage and patriotism at the special war session of August, 1914. All differences were forgotten in that solemn hour, and for that time at least

"None were for the party,
"And all were for the State."

Eluding an Earl

By Herbert D. Ward

Illustrated by P. J. Monahan.

"DARNELL, by all that's holy!" "Bobby Litchfield! How ripping!"

Two men, young in the hope of life, stood in the swaying aisle of the Pullman and clasped each other's hands.

"Where are you going?" asked Litchfield. He had a certain air of proprietorship peculiar to young Americans of renowned family or great wealth. "When did you get in? Why didn't you let me know?"

The Englishman looked down upon his friend with a boyish joy that made his angular face almost handsome. He was tall, with the promise of that stateliness which had distinguished the earls of Portchester for eight generations.

"This morning! You Americans are so extraordinarily rapid—don't yer know. I put up at the Union League, Sumner, don't yer know. Ripping old chap. Insisted that I should catch the limited for White Heather—wired you at the University——"

"By Jove, Darnell, it's great to have you at the Hunt Ball. What a card for the patronesses—let alone the heir-esses. Did you bring your clubs?"

The young Earl of Portchester smiled.

"I say," he began, "it's doocid queer, but I was thinking of you when I packed the bally things. Do you remember that one-club match of ours when we only used a putter, and you got me one down? I practiced with a putter all summer——"

"That's fine"—Bobby's eyes glistened with the prospect of battle—"but I won't take advantage of you. Let's make it a one-club mashie match—hole play—the loser——"

"Oh, I say," interrupted Lord Darnell, "I never thought of changing the club. How ripping! The same old stakes, I suppose. I'll go you a guinea a hole on the side."

"Done!" The American and the Englishman clasped hands over the match, and then raised their eyes for the first time from each other, but not quickly enough to surprise the lightning change of direction taken by four other eyes.

For some minutes the two young

ladies in the seats opposite had been very much interested in the masculine meeting and the sporty challenge. Although it was not yet cold fall, the girls wore their fluffy boas and all the extravagant wraps of their class. A single glance could tell the experienced that every item of their clothes, from their delicate chiffon veils to their dainty shoes, was absolutely perfect. But, furthermore, their dress was no mere frame—it inclosed in each case a beautiful and piquant portrait that was sufficient to ensnare the unwary or enchant the connoisseur.

The girl opposite the Englishman was one of those ravishing brunettes who, since the beginning of the world, have been the cause of wars and famine. She was of middle height, of a thrilling figure, with jacquemint lips, and the surge of color through an olive cheek that makes the heart leap to touch such velvet petals. She was a vivid contrast to the angular, blonde earl, who gazed upon the picture as if stricken with a fixed idea.

"By Jove, I" he muttered, turning at last to his companion. "How extraordinary!"

"Yes," replied Bobby, whose own color had heightened a trifle, "the blonde type is said to be the most persistent——"

"Damn!" interrupted Darnell, "I meant the other. Didn't you see her?"

But Bobby Litchfield turned unblushingly again to the girl opposite him and once more feasted his eyes on the stately blonde who gave the perfect impression of a woman unconscious of scrutiny. Her profile contrasted powerfully with his own swarthy, impetuous countenance.

"Whew!" he ejaculated under his breath. "Isn't she wonderful! I wonder—I wonder—he put a hand on the Englishman's knee—"who she is, and where she's going? Seems to me I've seen her before."

For about fifty miles the four young people alternately eyed each other in a well-bred and furtive way which could not have annoyed the most exacting chaperone. At last Lord Darnell could stand it no longer.

"I've got to have a smoke, old man."

Where do you do it in this bally train?"

Both got up. But whether still uncertain from the five days at sea, or whether because he was more used to the rigidity of an English express, as soon as the Englishman arose to his feet he lurched. At that instant the train took a curve at the rate of a mile a minute. Before the Earl of Portchester could recover himself, he was shot as from an aeroplane and found himself floundering on the arm of the chair occupied by the girl opposite; his own hands entangled indiscriminately with her neck and boa in his struggle to regain his balance.

The accident was so unexpected and the lank Englishman's efforts toward equilibrium were so ludicrous that Bobby roared. The tide of joy struck the blonde girl and then spread up and down the whole car.

"Oh, I say," gasped Darnell, "I beg your pardon—Really—" He made a dive for his cap between the two chairs, and finally raised himself to his full height with a very red and disheveled face. The brunette regarded him haughtily.

It's customary, Darnell, in this country"—Bobby glared at his friend with quick severity—"to offer a lady your card when you sit in her lap. You see, ladies," with a mock bow, "he's only an Englishman. You must excuse him."

"Oh, I say, really"—the Earl of Portchester looked from one to the other in honest bewilderment—"it was so doocid sudden, don't yer know." He took out a silver card case upon which a coat of arms was modestly cut, and with a guardsman's bow presented to the ruffled brunette a pasteboard extensively engraved. It was thus that the Lieutenant of the Royal Lancers lurched into fate. The girl instinctively put out her gloved hand and took the card.

"And this"—the Englishman put his arm within his friend's as if he were doing the most natural thing in the world—"is my sponsor in the States, Mr. Robert Litchfield of New York and London."

This was going further than any of the other three had bargained for. The

whole car craned toward the quartet. For a few seconds the waiting was tense, while the girls flicked wireless messages from blue to black and black to blue. Then they preened themselves, accepted the adventure, and capitulated. The brunette fluttered.

"I", she said, "am Miss Brown, and my companion is Miss Smith."

Of course they dined together. After the men had smoked and talked about everything else but their present adventure—as men will—and had returned, the lights were glaring, and the window panes had become Claude Lorraine mirrors. Almost before they knew it, the little private station of the White Heather Country Club was reached. Here the express deferentially stopped. The young people did not say much. Their casual friendship had just gone far enough to promise intimacy if the chance offered, and regret if they never saw one another again.

Great automobiles chafed at the station platform. A huge and perfectly appointed limousine vibrated with expectation. A liveried chauffeur looked eagerly at the disgorging Pullman. A footman stood at the open door.

"There!" said the brunette, hurrying ahead of the tall Englishman. "They've sent for us. You needn't bother any more. Thank you very much. Come on, Edith: Here, Johnson! Take our bags. The trunks can be sent up later." The chauffeur and footman tipped their caps.

"Oh, I say!" urged the Englishman.

"But, Miss Smith!" pleaded the American. A touch of the lever, a notch in the spark, and the gas, and the great car leaped into the darkness.

"Club, sir?" The cry recalled them.

"Whom does that limousine belong to?" Litchfield asked the driver tersely.

"That's the Bradley-Townsend's,"

The two took their seats. After they had gone a mile or so, Bobby put his hand on Lord Darnell's knee.

"Cheer up, old man," he said. "I know the Townsends. Philadelphia people. They've a place right on the eighteenth hole. We'll see them tomorrow!"

The morning of the next day was mild and golden. It was late September, and the hunter's moon was full. The decorators were busy making the White Heather clubhouse beautiful for the most exclusive function of fashionable country life. To-night was the great Hunt Ball. Hither had been bidden the most beautiful women picked from the four hundred of a score of Eastern cities. Hither scurried touring cars and "specials," carrying the mighty and the military who would give to the dance that touch of scarlet and of gold which civilians envy and women admire.

The "one-club" match which was to start at ten o'clock had been generally discussed, and had been made the subject of heavy wagers. Bobby Litchfield was a "crack-a-jack" golfer, while the Englishman was only handicapped five on the other side.

"Oh, I say," said Darnell, as they strode to the first tee in the morning, "why not go an extra guinea a hole?"

Bobby nodded, addressed the ball, and yelled "Fore!" into the empty field before him. For only answer came the caws of a dozen crows encircling a group of pine trees which divided the fair green of the first and eighteenth hole. Bobby's mashie came down upon the ball with a dull percussion, and the international match was on.

It is not within the province of the

historian to discuss the ups and downs of this celebrated contest. The small and select gallery was breathless, and the fore caddie grinned. In vain Lord Darnell and Bobby shot glances of inquiry at the few ladies who enthusiastically trailed. Alas! Where were the loveliest? They of the Pullman episode? Why might not fate have decreed that they should witness marvelous recoveries and applaud the stymied put?

Let it be enough to say that at the sixteenth hole Bobby was one up, which the earl immediately made even on the seventeenth by dropping the ball dead to the hole, and putting it down in two—par golf.

Continued on page 370.



He raised his club on high and brought it down with a resounding clash upon the unexpected bread pan.



I loved my wife and daughter and the thought of them in want was as distasteful to me as it is to any normal man

Psychology in Salesmanship

By Rex White

"IT'S bunk! Pure bunk! What in the world do these college professors know about selling, anyway, I'd like to ask? I've been a Class A. mah for the last five years, and I do not pretend to know a thing about this psychology bunk. I just convince 'em of the value of life insurance and then get their names on the dotted line and get 'em to the doctor quick as I can before they change their minds. I'll bet my record for five hundred thousand written an' paid for will stand against any of these college professors' bunk."

It was Tom Barton talking. Big Tom—as he was known most everywhere in York county—was self-made and successful. Forced to leave school in the fifth form to help support his mother, he had pushed up from a foundry boy, master moulder, then dis-

trict secretary of the Iron Moulders' Union, and had finally struck out for himself as a salesman for the XYZ Life Insurance Company of Canada. He had been successful from the start and, at the time of the above conversation, was on his way with a party of four other representatives of the XYZ Life to a convention at Winnipeg.

"You are one of the best exponents of the psychology of selling that I know," answered Mr. Lawrence, the vice president of the company, "You've been selling life insurance on a basis of psychology all these years, even if you do not recognize the fact."

"Bosh" replied Big Tom, trying his best to show something of respect for his superior's opinions.

"Well now don't go too fast, Tom, just stop a moment and figure out how you do make your sales. Take that

\$10,000 policy you wrote last week for Banker Fletcher—what was it that clinched the sale in that case?"

"Nothing more than plain, every day, common sense and a little thinking about Mr. Fletcher's needs. I knew he took a keen interest in the public schools, now that three of his boys are old enough to attend, and I just figured out that any proposition dealing with the education of those kiddies would be of interest to Fletcher. So I went to him with a plan for one of our income policies all worked out to show how our company would pay over a certain sum every year for four years to each of his boys as they reached the age of 18, when they would be about ready to go to the university. I had his signed application within a half hour after I entered his office."

"There you have it! The best de-

monstration of the psychology of selling one could find," responded Mr. Lawrence, while the other salesmen, all of the younger school, nodded their heads in consent. "Every sale is swung on some such turn. I'll warrant that every man who signs an application for life insurance is influenced by some special appeal."

THE train conductor, poking his head through the curtained doorway of the smoking compartment, brought a sudden halt in the discussion.

"Xcuse me, gen'men, it looks as if our train would have to stop out here among the rocks for the next few hours. No. 26 fast freight has sprung a rail just ahead of us, and we'll have to wait until the crews can topple a car or two over into the ditch and fix the rail for us. Sorry for the delay, but you know accidents will happen."

The genial conductor continued on his way through the train, and the little party in the smoking compartment broke up as the salesmen went out by two's and three's to view the wreckage on ahead. The XYZ Life party drifted together in the crowd of passengers from the transcontinental train. The onlookers soon tired of viewing the wreck, however. After the first excitement, the comfortable seats in the train proved more inviting than the mid-day glare of the August sun. The call of the dining car porter finished the viewing party and brought all the passengers on board.

"TO prove the point I made back there in the smoking compartment," said Mr. Lawrence, as the XYZ Life party had reached the finger bowl stage at luncheon, "let's all go back to the Library car and have a test. First, we'll find out how many men in that car carry life insurance, and then we will try to land applications from the others."

The boys were enthusiastic over the vice-president's plan. Mr. Lawrence announced the proposition to the crowd of men in the Library car, but to everyone's surprise all the men in the car

carried a certain amount of life insurance—every man but the very last to be asked, a farmer from Saskatchewan who was returning from a visit at his old home in Guelph.

"No, I haven't any insurance and I have yet to hear the argument that would make me take any," said the farmer with a smile that was really a challenge to the life insurance agents.

"Here's game at last," replied Mr. Lawrence, "we have more than three hours to kill before the wreck can be cleared away. Suppose we—our boys here—try to convince you of the value of life insurance and obtain your application for one of our policies?"

"Go ahead," said the farmer, "and I'll tell you right now that the man who

could not be surmounted. At the close of the hour he was still unconvinced.

"I have been solicited by insurance companies a number of times," the farmer told the crowd, "but have never had a reason presented to me that convinced me I should have a policy. Now I have been the center of the show for the past hour—I would like to hear some of the gentlemen here tell why they carry policies."

THE men pulled their chairs into as near a circle as the narrow limits of the library car would allow. The first man to tell his story was a middle aged jewelry merchant from Winnipeg.

"Insurance men and book agents," the merchant began, "were at one time held by me as one and the same thing. Frankly I looked upon you boys as a nuisance. The first year of my married life I was called on by half a dozen men representing, it seemed to me, as many kinds of insurance. Every stock argument known to the science of insurance selling was trotted out and passed before my mental horizon for inspection. I

admitted, both to myself and to the agents, that the arguments were good ones and unanswerable, but—

"Like thousands of others I followed the line of least resistance in my financial affairs. That line taught that immediate returns on capital invested was the only proceeding for a man with small capital who desired to keep up appearances and get some small share of pleasure from a work-a-day, humdrum existence. Death seemed vague and far away as far as I was concerned. I was healthy, hearty and engaged in an occupation where risk was a minor factor. Life was very near and very certain. Death was very distant and uncertain. I thought I had a better place for my money than in an investment in a gilt edged paper that bore only a promise of a reward that I could not reap myself, or if I did, not for twenty years, when, I told myself I would not need insurance to guarantee my family's safety.

"I loved my wife and daughter and the

Continued on page 366.



The first year of my married life I was called upon by half a dozen men representing as many kinds of life insurance

convinces me will get my check for a good sized policy."

In a few cautious questions, Mr. Lawrence obtained from the farmer some facts about his life, business experience and, present circumstances. The farmer said his name was George Pierce, age 35, a graduate from the Ontario College of Agriculture, had been farming for three years and was now manager and a large shareholder in a 2,000 acre farm owned by a syndicate. No, he was not married, and did not think he ever would be; his fiance died just a week before the date set for their wedding.

"You see, gentlemen, I have absolutely no one dependent upon me. If I should die the affairs of my family, one of the oldest in Ontario, would go on just the same. Now why should I have life insurance?"

It was agreed that each of the five salesmen should have ten minutes in which to present their arguments to the farmer. But Mr. Pierce met each argument with a statement of fact that

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals
Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

The Juggernaut Tanks

ONE of the most dramatic incidents of the British offensive along the Somme was the appearance of the huge motor-driven vehicles, clad in armor and mounting numerous machine guns, and perhaps weapons of heavier calibre. The construction of these huge monsters which wrought panic in the German lines was a carefully guarded secret, and even now few details as to their construction have been permitted to appear. Nevertheless the *Mail and Empire* of Toronto indulges in some interesting speculations upon these "tanks" as the soldiers call them. It says:

The accounts of the operation of the new British juggernaut "tanks" from the sane, reliable war correspondents on the Somme battlefield might well have come from the pages of a scientific romance by H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. Nothing more dramatic or more startling in the evolution of war methods has ever appeared. The huge siege howitzers by which the Germans broke down the Belgian steel forts and the enemy gas machines are mild terrors beside these uncanny engines of war. The new moving forts will mean an immense acceleration of pressure on the German lines. The "contemptible" army and Kitchener's raw staff have beaten the Germans at their own much-advertised specialty.

Never before did motor-engine, or set of engines, develop anything like the power required for the new land battleships. Twelve-cylinder automobiles, the biggest yet made, can develop up to 100 horse-power, in moving a car of about two tons. Geared low, the power would be sufficient to climb at an angle of 45 degrees provided the wheel grip were sufficient. The weight of the "tanks" is said to be about 400 tons, and to move in depressions something like 20,000 horse-power would be required. Turbine and even reciprocal engines in big ships can deliver, from steam propulsion, 70,000 and 80,000 horse-power but their size and weight would make them impossible for land-

More Peace Talk in Berlin

To the War-Lord

"HOW beautiful upon the mountain tops

Their feet would sound, the messengers of Peace!"

So into neutral ears your unction drops,
Hinting a pious hope that War may cease—

War, with its dreadful waste,
Which never suited your pacific taste.

Strange you should turn so suddenly humane,

So sick of ravage and the reek of gore!
Dare we assume that Verdun's long-drawn strain

Makes you perspire at each Imperial pore?

Or that your nerve's mislaid
Through cardiac trouble caused by our blockade?

You thought to finish on the high wave's crest;

To say, "These lands that 'neath our sceptre lie—

Such as we want we'll keep, and chuck the rest,

And to the vanquished, having drained 'em dry,

We will consent to give,
Out of our elemency, the right to live."

Then you came down a long, long way,
and said,

"For pure desire of Peace, and that alone,

We'll deem the dead past buried with its dead,

Taking, in triumph's hour, a generous tone;

Uplift the fallen foe
And affably restore the status quo."

Fool's talk and idle. In this Dance of Death

The man who called the piper's tune must pay,

Nor can he stop at will for want of breath.

Though War you chose, and chose its opening day,

It lies not in your power
To stay its course or fix its final hour.

—Punch.

car purposes even if oil were used for fuel. The ships driven by Diesel engines are motor-propelled, and can develop 4,000 horse-power. The *Selandia*, the first of the kind to go into practical service, had a tonnage of about 5,000, and traveled at 12 to 14 knots an hour. But nothing in the motor industry was ever before put together to possess enough power to move 400 tons on wheels up and down craters, gulleys through brick walls, over fences and trees, and even through buildings. The building of these mechanical monsters was organized during Lord Kitchener's administration of the War Department. It is representative of the real Britain Germany has to fear. The British were slow in coming, as the French said, but when they came they came with force and skill no other country could evolve.

It is too early to appraise the "tanks" at their proper worth as a military arm. Manifestly, they bring about a new stage of warfare. They put trenches, emplacements, and other field works such as barbed-wire entanglements far down in the scale of values. Future wars will find them as much a part of army equipment as cavalry or field artillery. Instead of mainly machine guns, they will have mechanical bomb-throwers, if, indeed, the present machines do not carry them. They will probably carry heavy guns, too. Traps for the steel monsters, all mined and set, will be a counter-measure. But the Germans cannot begin imitative construction for months, and even if they got plans into their hands they could not produce finished machines in less than a year. By that time the Allied troops will probably be fighting in German territory, and the war will have been won, if not finished. There will doubtless be a rapid development of the manufacture of these moving forts for use on the Eastern front also. Combined with the Allies' superiority in men, artillery, aeroplanes, and ammunition, they will bring the end much closer. They have solved, in part, anyway, the most difficult problem of the Allies' offensive.

Worth Remembering

ANNOUNCEMENT that the 12th British Lancers have just expiated their penance of 104 years of looting 104 bottles of wine when encamped in Spain serves to recall a curious fact—fortunately not quite analogous—concerning a French regiment, the 46th of the line. In this regiment the name of a soldier who died in 1800 is still called on parade. At Tour d'Anvergne during the days of the Revolution a captain, feeling that he was doing good service in that rank, persistently refused promotion. At the age of fifty he retired to civil life, but later he volunteered to act as substitute for a conscript who was the only son of a friend, and he served as a simple grenadier in the Black Forest campaign which culminated in the battle of Hohenlinden. Again he refused promotion, and the war secretary of the day, Carnot, wishing to make known his action, promoted him First Grenadier of France. He fell at Hohenlinden, and Bonaparte, as First consul, decreed that henceforth at each regimental call the oldest sergeant of the 1st Company should answer at his name "Died on the field of glory." The practice has been observed ever since, and it was especially marked on August 3, 1914, when the regiment was paraded before going to the front.—*The Boston Transcript*.

The Grace of France

THE *London Telegraph* recently paid a noble, glowing tribute to the touching act of the French government in regard to the graves of the soldiers who fell on her soil. It says:

"Without display and without sentimentality the government of the republic has simply consecrated and set apart for ever in special honor the cemeteries where the dead rest. Truly the grace of France fails never. They could have done nothing to give deeper or more serious pleasure to England; nothing that was more truly in accord with her own national tradition; nothing that better went hand-in-hand with our own ingrained habit of respect for the acres of God wherever they may be found. We have in our minds a fairly good idea of where those graves lie and what they look like. Here the cross that means so much to one may be clustered among a group within and beneath the shadow of a church of which the pierced spire and battered interior tell their own tale; or it may be set up there, within a peaceful enclosure under the poplars of the Yser or the Canal. Here it may be inside a tidy and orderly court, surrounded by walls not so high as to prevent the sea wind playing with the ribands of

a few wreaths; or there, by itself, in rear of a wrecked cottage, with a crudely made fence around it. But wherever the grave may lie, there will be comfort in the thought that long after our own day it will still be spared and kindly thought upon. Yet this is not all that the French proposal will effect. Each of these countless little enclosures will be working in silence for the continued goodwill of two nations. From the little patch of ex-territorialized ground the dead will speak for generations. For we have given the best of England to France, volunteers every one, and the French will not fail to understand the meaning of Rupert Brooke's lines:

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

It is a gift of English earth that we are making, the best earth we have, earth that France has shown her anxiety to honor; and in the belief that in some way the loyalty of each man to a common cause will still be speaking to ears that understand, we may leave our dead in all gratitude and in full understanding to the loving care of France."



Carter, in *New York Evening Sun*.

"Considering myself the instrument of Heaven, and without regard to the opinion of men, I go my way"

Lacrosse

LACROSSE is no longer the Canadian national sport. It has been declining for years, ever since, in the opinion of some experts, since the game became professionalized. Nevertheless it is played by hundreds if not by thousands of young Canadians, and among the French Canadians is more popular than any other game. In speaking of a recent match in Montreal in which a brutal assault was made on the referee by a player, the *Montreal Star* makes the following remarks:—

Once again a lacrosse match has been the scene of rowdiness and bloodshed. Because he was penalized for smashing an opponent over the head with his stick, a player in the National Shamrock game on Saturday attacked a one-armed judge of play, with the result that the unfortunate official, who was only doing his best to enforce the rules of clean sport, and who, owing to his infirmity, was of course seriously handicapped, needed five stitches put in his scalp.

Can any one explain why one of the finest sports on earth, distinctly Canadian, and which it should, therefore,



Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle
To the Rescue

be our pride to keep "clean," a game, besides, which furnishes one of the finest tests on earth for pure sportsmanship, should have been allowed to degenerate gradually into what is often little better than organized thuggery? It is not because lacrosse has become "professionalized," for baseball, perhaps the most purely professional of all games, is, at the same time, one of the freest from the disgraceful exhibitions that mar so many lacrosse matches. Nor can the excuse be made that the crowd likes to see the rowdies in sweaters hammer each other with sticks or assault defenceless officials on the field. Again and again the men at the head of organized lacrosse have lamented ever the dwindling attendance at matches, at the same time permitting—by not adequately punishing—tactics that disgust and offend the very great majority of the public, which still has some regard for decency in sport.

There are two ways of stopping this sort of thing, both simple and both effective. Let the men who control lacrosse refuse to allow recognized rowdies to wear their colors, and let the police see to it that a hooligan on the lacrosse field gets exactly the same treatment as a hooligan on the public streets. Lack of employment and a few days in jail will give men with "uncontrollable" tempers a remarkable degree of self-control and, incidentally, it will lift the present day "sport" of lacrosse from the ranks of bull-fighting or bear-baiting.

Canada and New Zealand

THERE has been a tendency in some quarters to disparage what Canada has done in the way of recruiting as

compared with the records established in New Zealand; but the *Toronto Telegram* believes that Canadians need not fear to compare their efforts with those made elsewhere, and gives the following figures—

New Zealand has raised 60,000 soldiers from 1,000,000 population.

Canada has raised 250,000 soldiers from 8,000,000 population.

New Zealand's 1,000,000 population is all recruitable in the sense that the New Zealand people are of exclusively British origin. Canada's population is non-recruitable to the extent that 3,000,000 out of Canada's 8,000,000 are Quebec French or of Austro-German origin.

Canada's 250,000 soldiers represents a higher percentage of recruits per million of recruitable population than New Zealand's 60,000 soldiers. Canada's recruiting record will not stand comparison with the ideal of Canada's duty. Canada's recruiting record will stand comparison with the records achieved by Australia, New Zealand or the British nations outside of England and Scotland.

Sacrifice

IT is very easy in the abstract to say how the war is going to refine the world and "burn out the dross" and "bring the fine gold out of the furnace" and all that sort of thing, and no doubt a great deal of it is true, observes the *Toronto News*. We all say it and write it, most of us in our comfortable homes or offices, a long way from the scene of the terrible slaughter which brings sorrow and heart-rending to many here, and many, many more in England and Scotland and Ireland.

The slaughter is so terrible and has been so prolonged that there is the danger we may get callous and take it all for granted, until one day comes the fateful, official telegram telling us of a death which wrings the very blood out of our hearts, either for our own dead, or for the son, or brother perhaps, of a very near and dear friend. At such a time what can one say that can express our feelings but must sound threadbare, even to ourselves, in the face of the great loss? What, for instance, can one say to a father who has lost the elder of two sons, just turned eighteen, who writes as follows?

Dear old Dick! it is so splendid for him, we ought not to grudge him the splendour; and honestly would not call him back if we could. We quite knew when we sanctioned his going that we were giving him to more than the possibility of death, and there is nothing left to feel now except just that the sacrifice has been accepted.

Could any sacrifice be more sublime?

And what expression of sympathy on our part to such parents could sound anything but banal? Souls like these will come out of the furnace shining like God, whose face they have seen, but what of some of us who are still dull, and even drab, in appearance? Will the opportunity come to us, and if so, how shall we use it?

Seven Modern Wonders

THE *Guelph Mercury* begs leave to amend the generally accepted Seven Wonders of the World, in view of changed conditions. The seven wonders of the Ancient World, as most readers will remember, were the Pharos or Lighthouse at Alexandria; The Colossus of Rhodes; The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus; and the Statue of Jupiter at Olympia. A few years ago a consensus of European and American scientists decided that the following were the Seven Modern Wonders of the World: Wireless Telegraphy; the Telephone; the Aeroplane; Radium; Antiseptics and Antitoxins; Spectrum Analysis; and the X Ray. According to the *Mercury* the following have been overlooked:

The chap who makes \$7 a week, but wears \$30 suits and spends his holidays at a \$20 a week summer hotel.

The westerner who doesn't feel the cold when he is out in his shirt sleeves doing the chores at 35 below zero.

The man who told the milkman, when he had raised the price of milk, that he was pleased and that the milk was cheap even at the new price.

The baggageman who takes a trunk



L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London
The Tables Turned

carefully and deposits it on the station platform, refusing to give it a shot and let it land where it strikes.

The young man who doesn't offer an excuse at all for not enlisting, but says boldly that he is afraid to go.

The woman who says that her last year's coat is just splendid and who persists in retrimming and wearing her last winter's hat.

The newspaper publisher who sells a daily paper at \$3 a year and manages to keep clear of the bailiff.

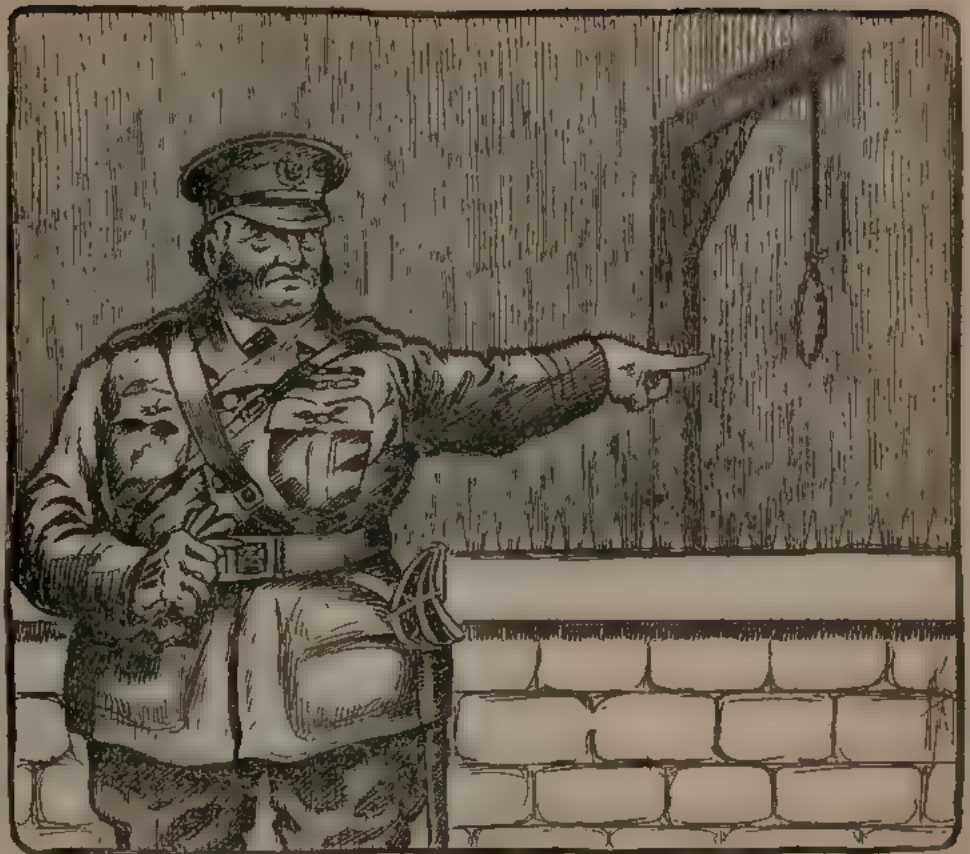
A Coming Problem

THE *Winnipeg Telegram* publishes the following thoughtful article upon a problem which is being pondered in many quarters of Canada, namely that which will be presented by the returned soldiers when the war is over:—

Nothing is more to the fore at present than the problem of finding civil occupation for our army after the war. There is a type of mind which is cowering in the face of this problem. It is the type of mind which rests in the individualistic dictum "root, hog, or die" as the sole law of settlement and development in production and industry. Even the individualists see that the formula "root, hog, or die" will not work in this instance. That confuses them, because all their lives they have been accustomed to regard as the only alternative the burden of alms laid upon the community. To them there is no economic solution possible except "root hog, or die" and, as in this case that would mean starvation, their mind dwells in spite of themselves on soup kitchens.

This country has got to get out of any such spurious way of thinking. The idea of 400,000 able-bodied men well disciplined and in the pink of condition being a burden to a country like Canada is sufficiently ridiculous when it is expressed. Nevertheless, that is the idea that is at the back of a lot of people's minds, the idea that "we'll have to do something for them." What rubbish! The problem rests in finding them an opportunity to do something for themselves and for the country.

Let us imagine that a few years ago some potentate who controlled the lives and persons of his subjects had offered Canada 400,000 men physically fit, trained to the roughest kind of work, most of them well educated in English, and all good British patriots. Would Canada have refused such an offer, and in what directions would Canada have made use of such an army? That is the position in which we will find ourselves without the possibility of a refusal. Canada's answer to such an offer, if it was accepted, would undoubtedly be that some productive work must



AND HE KEEPS HIS WORD

John Bull—After the war diplomatic relations will not be renewed until justice is administered for the murder of Captain Fryatt

be organized to absorb the labor of this army, as an army, permitting individual members to leave the ranks as they found their way into the actual fabric of our corporate communal existence. On general principles there could not very well be any other answer to this obliging potentate.

The problem hardly presents itself to Canada in so crude a form as this, but insofar as it is a problem, the bald supposition made describes it exactly. The answer seems reasonable. That is just the point whether it is or not. The mind which accepts that answer as reasonable in the circumstances proposed, must now be led gently but forcibly to realize that the whole force of the answer lies in three words "as an army." This has become clear to some of the really leading minds in Great Britain as the answer to a similar problem there. That phrase implies the right to remuneration at a standard wage on the one hand, and the obligation to work and submit to discipline on the other hand. In the case of an industrial army the tie would be severable at any moment by the volunteer soldier but upon that severance, all obligation on the part of the state to that soldier, except pension and rewards for having fought would be at once at an end. Could Canada get value out of the labor of her returned soldiers under those condi-

tions? Most assuredly. They themselves and the country would reap a hundredfold as long as there are vacant lands to be tilled and roads to be constructed. Could Canada get full value under any other conditions? It is more doubtful. There can be no harm done, however, in thinking out the matter clearly. If it is admitted that the idea has socialist and tyrannical features, the question still remains how a satisfactory economic solution is to be reached which does not have socialistic and tyrannical features.

Thunder versus Guns

DURING the great battle of Verdun the roar of artillery was said to be audible in Holland, over a hundred miles away, and the guns of Flanders have often been heard in Kent, England.

But it is a most remarkable fact that, although any great roar is always likened to thunder, yet thunder has never been heard fourteen miles from the flash, and some of the severest thunderstorms of late years were inaudible seven miles away!

It is interesting and often comforting during thunder to be able to ascertain the distance of the focus of the storm, which, as far as personal danger is concerned, is all that matters. This can be done by remembering that sound



Back Again

Winning Telegram

travels at the rate of about 1,125 feet a second, whereas a flash is seen almost instantaneously.

If, therefore, the interval between the sight of the flash and the sound of the thunder be one second, the distance of the flash is 1,125 feet; if two seconds, 2,250 feet; if five seconds, about a mile; if ten seconds, two miles; and if a minute, thirteen miles—a distance at which thunder is very seldom heard.

It may be safely concluded that if any appreciable time elapses between flash and sound the danger is not imminent. The long rumble of thunder is caused by the long track the lightning takes from cloud to earth or from one cloud to the other.

A thunderclap is practically as short lived as a lightning-flash, but it will be readily seen that if the flash traverses a mile there will be a period about five seconds between the first sounds that strike your ears and the last.

—Scientific American.

Yankee Rural Credit Law

THE *Review of Reviews* gives the following summary of the essential features of the Rural Credit system re-

cently passed by the Congress of the United States:

First the co-operative system with units to be formed by farmers who desire to borrow, organizing local co-operative "National Farm Loan Associations" comprising any ten or more farmers whose mortgages must aggregate \$20,000 or more. These units are to operate through a "Federal Land Bank" and there are to be twelve such banks, the country to be divided into twelve districts, as in the case of the Reserve Bank System, although these districts will not necessarily be coterminate with the Reserve Bank Districts.

Second, the joint-stock bank system, not at all co-operative, but capitalistic and for profit to its stockholders. These joint-stock banks will have no connection with the twelve Federal Land Banks, nor with the local "National Farm Loan Associations," but will be in direct competition with that co-operative system; their interest will be to discourage co-operation.

The two systems will be under one general control of the Farm Loan Board, consisting of the Secretary of

the Treasury, ex officio, and four members appointed by the President of the United States—two from each political party. This board has power to appoint appraisers, examiners and registrars, who will be public officials. At first it will also appoint the directors and officers of the twelve Federal Land Banks, but in course of time the stock of the Land Banks will pass to the ownership of the National Farm Loan Associations, and the directors and officers of the banks will then be chosen by the representatives of the co-operative Farm Loan Associations. In the meanwhile all appointees will be selected by the Farm Loan Board regardless of the civil service, and since every farm to be mortgaged, throughout the nation, must be inspected by one or more of these appraisers, it is clear that a considerable army of appointees is to be built up, outside of civil-service rules. After it is organized, it will be taken into the shelter of civil service, by executive order.

How capitalised: Each Federal Land Bank will have a capital of \$750,000 at the start. After the capital stock subscription books have been open to the public for thirty days, to give investors the form of an opportunity to buy the stock (although they are never to have any voice in the management) then the Government will take all the stock, not privately subscribed; so the Government will invest \$9,000,000 in the stock of the twelve banks, since no one expects any private investments. The Government is not to receive any dividend on this stock, but it is provided that the stock will be purchased automatically by the local National Farm Loan Associations, with funds to be furnished by the borrowers. Dividends may be paid on stock held by others than the Government if there are any net profits.

How loans are to be made: A loan can be made only to farmers or prospective farmers, upon first mortgage on farms, to the amount of 50 per cent of the appraised value of the land irrespective of improvements, and 20 per cent of the value of improvements. Appraisal is first made by a committee of fellow farmers, members of the Farm Loan Association, who must agree unanimously; then it must be approved by an appraiser sent out by the district Federal Land Bank. Before a loan is made, the borrower must invest 5 per cent of the amount of the loan in stock in the Farm Loan Association, which holds the stock in trust as security to cover its risk in endorsing the loan. And the Association must invest an equal amount in the stock of the Federal Land Bank, which holds the stock as security, with the first mortgage. Originally it was planned that the mortgage should be made to the Farm

Loan Association and by it sold, with the Association endorsement, to the Federal Land Bank, but this was changed in conference, and now the mortgage is made payable directly to the Federal Land Bank, but it bears the endorsement of the Farm Loan Association, through which it is negotiated.

The stock carries "double liability," i. e., borrowers are all liable for an extra 5 per cent., besides the 5 per cent. they invest in the stock, to cover any losses. When they pay their loans in full, the stock will be redeemed at par.

While each Federal Land Bank has a capitalization of \$750,000 at the outset, this is only its minimum capital, and as soon as it begins to make loans, as each loan carries with it a stock investment of 5 per cent. the bank's stock begins at once to increase, until the new stock belonging to the Farm Loan Associations equals that held by the Government, making a total of \$1,500,000, after which 25 per cent. of all additional proceeds from the sale of stock to the borrowers (the Farm Loan Associations) will be applied to retiring the Government stock. By the time all Government stock is retired, the total capitalization of a Federal Land Bank will be \$4,500,000, less the redeemed Government stock (\$750,000) or \$3,750,000 net. The bank is authorized to sell debenture bonds based on farm mortgages to the amount of twenty times its stock, so that at the time all Government stock is retired, it will have outstanding \$75,000,000 of such bonds, based on an equal amount of farm mortgages, giving the twelve banks an ultimate capacity for handling mortgages to an amount \$9,000,000,000—more than double the total present farm mortgages in existence. In fact even this might be somewhat exceeded, since additional mortgages would continue to add 5 per cent. to the stock. Each of the twelve banks will operate independent of the others in adding to its volume of business, and some will therefore retire their Government stock before others do. But the twelve banks are mutual endorsers on all bonds or obligations put out by any of them.

The first loans will be made out of the bank's capital, until \$50,000 or more of first mortgages are accumulated; these will be deposited with the Registrar of the Federal Land Board, and upon approval of the Board, bonds will be issued to the same amount, and offered to investors, by the Federal Land Bank so that funds will be replenished for additional loans.

The maximum interest on mortgages is 6 per cent., but 5 1-2 is predicted.

The interest rate on mortgages must be not to exceed 1 per cent. above the rate on the last issue of bonds sold,



The Vision of Defeat

Cartoon in New York Evening Sun

hence the market for the bonds will control the rate to the farmers. The 1 per cent margin is to cover overhead expenses of the system, aside from what the Government advances as a subsidy. The Government pays the expenses of the Farm Loan Board, including salaries of the four commissioners (\$10,000 each) and of the registrars and examiners (of titles). The appraisers are to be paid by the Land Banks out of the 1 per cent. margin on the mortgages. The Farm Loan Board is authorized to employ such attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, and other employees as it may deem necessary and all expenses of the same will be paid out of the public treasury. All such will be appointed outside the civil service rules, but "nothing herein shall prevent the President from placing said employees in the classified service."

The joint-stock banks will be under the general control of the Federal Land Board, but will have no connection with

the twelve Land Banks. They are restricted to 6 per cent. interest on mortgages, and the interest must not exceed 1 per cent. more than the interest they pay on their bonds; no commission or other extra charges are to be allowed. Their minimum capital stock is \$250,000, and they may issue bonds based on farm mortgages to the amount of fifteen times their stock.

In addition to Secretary McAdoo, who is an ex-officio member, the Farm Loan Board, as constituted by President Wilson and confirmed by the Senate, consists of Mr. George W. Norris, of Pennsylvania, designated as Commissioner, or active executive head of the farm-loan system; Judge Charles Lobbell, of Kansas, a lawyer of long experience in the farm-mortgage business; Capt. W. S. A. Smith, of Iowa, and Mr. Herbert Quick, the writer on agricultural topics, formerly editor of *Farm and Fireside* and now a resident of West Virginia.

The Scientific Side of Bread

By Helen McMurchie

University of Toronto

Cartoons by H. F. Colson



Our forefathers crushed their corn between two stones

IT SEEMS a far cry from the primitive days when our forefathers crushed their corn between two stones, to the present, with its great roller mills and intricate methods of flour making. Yet the gap is not so great as it appears, for the steam milling process has but lately superseded that of the old water mill, which in its turn had been a late improvement on primitive hand makeshifts. The sturdy men who opened up this Province made their first flour by pounding grain in a hollowed stump; later they walked incredible distances carrying their sacks of corn to be ground at the new mill. These mills are still to be seen throughout the country wherever a watercourse offers sufficient power for their operation, though nowadays they seldom grind flour, but are used instead to chop feed for the farmer's stock. The more important work of flour milling has become a highly specialized industry centralized in a few great establishments which possess the machinery adequate to such a complicated undertaking. Thus in three successive stages of the home, the local, and lastly the national industry we may behold the economic evolution of flour making complete.

This development of the milling process may be better understood with reference to the composition and structure of the wheat grain. The accompanying illustration may serve to make this clear. There is first of all the tough, dark, outer covering, of a substance called cellulose, which protects the inside of the grain. This cellulose lies in several layers, and is commonly known as bran. Inside the bran layers is the endosperm; this is the really valuable part of the grain, being composed largely of starch and of gluten, the characteristic substance of wheat. Down in one corner of the kernel is the germ, which contains some proteid, or

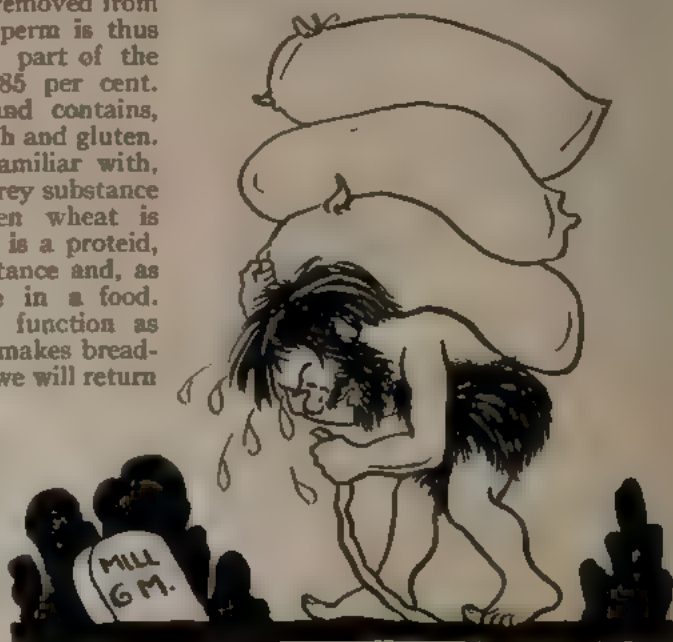
tissue building material, as well as practically all the fat which is in the wheat. If one remembers that the wheat grain is a ripened seed, its structure becomes obvious. The germ is the cell from which the young plant will grow, the endosperm is the stored up nourishment on which it will feed in its earlier stages, while the bran is the protective covering which will break away as soon as the growing plant is strong enough to force its shoots up into the soil. When we use the wheat kernel for food we appropriate to ourselves what was nature's provision of nourishment for the new plant.

NOW, in making use of this seed for food, the qualities of its parts must be considered. First, the outer bran covering is tough, and will not digest readily; for that reason it is often rejected as food. Then the germ, while high in food value has poor keeping qualities; owing to the fat which it contains, it is apt to become rancid, and for that reason it is often removed from the flour. The endosperm is thus the most sought after part of the wheat. It is about 85 per cent. of the whole grain, and contains, as we have said, starch and gluten. Starch everyone is familiar with, gluten is the sticky, grey substance which one has when wheat is chewed into gum. It is a proteid, or body-building substance and, as such, is of high value in a food. But it has a special function as well, for its elasticity makes bread-making possible. But we will return to this point later.

In milling by hand all the grain is ground into flour; in the old stone milling process only the outer layer of bran, at most, was removed. In the small mills that operate today there is no grading of flour, but after the

bran has been removed the rest is ground together into what is known as a "straight" grade. But with the introduction of the processes of rolling and bolting it became possible to sift the grain into grades of varying fineness. Thus in the large mills where the finest quality of flour is made, both the bran and the germ are removed and only the endosperm made into flour. And even the endosperm is divided into different classes, so that there may be as many as six grades of varying fineness.

Complicated as are the different operations the principles are simple—first, the grain is cracked open by being passed between rollers, this being repeated in varying fashion as the process advances. Secondly, the flour is sifted through bolting cloths, so that by alternate rollings and siftings it is divided into the different grades. The rejected parts of the wheat are not wasted; the bran being sold for feed, while the germ is manufactured into breakfast foods. The flours vary in quality and composition, the best being rich in starch and gluten, while the poorest are relatively high in proteid



They walked incredible distances to the mill

Bread made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.



Has been Canada's favorite Yeast for half a century.

MADE IN CANADA

Some women hold to the idea that bread-making is a long and difficult operation, but this is a mistake, as bread may now be included in the list of quickly prepared foods, for with Royal Yeast Cakes, light sweet bread can be made in a few hours with but little trouble. In fact it is no exaggeration to say that good bread can be made quicker, and with less trouble with Royal Yeast, than with any other yeast. All that is necessary is to use good flour, and follow directions carefully, and the result is bound to be satisfactory.

Free—Our new Royal Yeast Bake Book will be sent free upon request. It contains full instructions for making bread and rolls with Royal Yeast Cakes. Send name and address plainly written on a postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed promptly.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

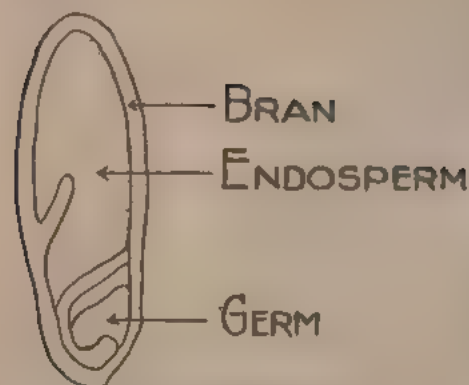
MAKE PERFECT BREAD.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

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Structure of grain of wheat

(other than gluten) but poor in that substance and in starch. To their use for household purposes we shall come back later.

THUS it will be seen that a variety of flours can be made from one kind of wheat, but as a rule different kinds of wheat are blended in the making of flour. Few cereals vary so greatly in composition as does wheat. It is peculiarly susceptible to climatic and seasonal influences. Thus we have spring and fall wheat, the former yielding a "harder" flour than the latter. Then there is the still more important difference between eastern and western wheats. Wheat grown in a dry, sunshiny climate ripens slowly and contains more starch and gluten than that grown in a moister atmosphere. This explains the unparalleled excellence of our western wheats. As Professor Harcourt has put it: "A comparatively high temperature, long bright days, an absence of an excess of moisture, are the conditions which prevail throughout our western provinces, and these are, doubtless, some of the conditions that account for the high quality of wheat produced there." The terms "hard" and "soft" may be taken respectively to denote the difference in quality between western and Ontario flours, although it must be remembered that even in Ontario wheats vary in hardness, and that good bread flour can undoubtedly be produced here.

The "hard" flours make the best bread flours, because, as we have pointed out, they are richest in starch and gluten. Starch gives whiteness to the loaf, and on the gluten depends its rising power and consequently its lightness and elasticity. Such standard flours as Purity, Royal Household and Five Roses are made entirely from "hard" wheat; and are, accordingly, most used for home bread-making. The Ontario millers generally mix their wheat with western wheat, and bread-makers almost always combine "hard" with "soft" flours. Apart from the guarantee of a well-known name, bread flour may be known by its feel and color. It is of a rich, creamy tint, and when squeezed in the hand falls apart

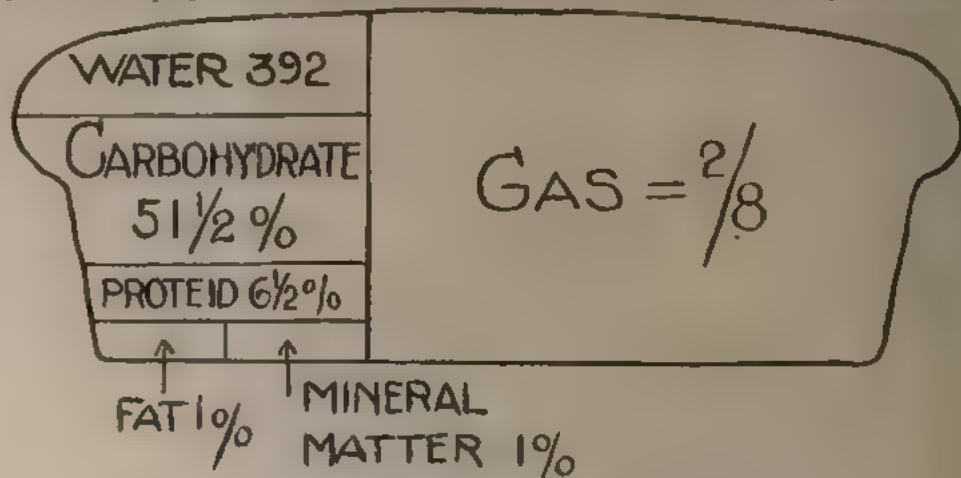
readily. A pastry, or soft flour when tested in this way will stick together, keeping the shape into which it has been pressed. It is smoother to the touch, less gritty in consistency than the bread flour and is greyer in color. It contains as a rule, less starch and gluten and more proteid, is made of a lower grade wheat, and is, therefore, less expensive than bread flour. But as its name implies it is to be preferred for the making of pastry, and not only does it make tenderer pie crusts, but tea cakes and biscuits are more successfully made from it than from the bread flours, as it makes a more flexible and finer dough.

The relative merits of white as compared with whole wheat or graham flour have been hotly contested, but the consensus of opinion now seems to be in favor of the white flour. The whole wheat flour is richer in proteid, and particularly in mineral matter, but much of these materials are in the bran, and the gain is therefore only apparent since the bran is only slightly digestible. There is therefore much more waste with graham than with white bread. Of the latter as high as 94 per cent. is assimilated, of the former only 86 per cent. But although white flour is preferable for a steady diet, the whole meal is not to be despised. People who suffer from constipation should eat whole wheat bread, for the sharp particles of bran help to scour out the intestinal tract. But it must not be thought that whole wheat bread is more nourishing than white, since the exact reverse is the case.

Heretofore we have written as if flour were the sole ingredient of bread, and it is now time to take more strict account of the bread-making process. First, we must consider the part which yeast has to play. When flour is mixed

agent. Set to itself it is like a balloon before it is inflated with gas. The dough must be "blown up" and this is done by the addition of yeast. Yeast is made up of microscopic plants which multiply very rapidly under favorable conditions of heat and moisture. As they multiply they give off alcohol and carbonic acid gas, and the latter expanding, stretches the gluten, the mass of dough becomes light and spongy and is finally said to have "risen". After several manipulations it is put in the oven and baked, the alcohol being driven off in the process of cooking. The heat of the oven cooks the starch, turning part of it, in the browned outside crust, to sugar. Thus is completed a process which involves complicated chemical action as well as skill and experience in handling in all its stages.

METHODS of breadmaking have undergone an evolution almost as complicated and quite as interesting as those of flour. Occasionally someone is heard to sigh for the old "salt rising" bread of our grandmothers' days—although one may suspect that in this case distance has lent the superlative merits attributed to the product. Contrary to popular belief, the salt had nothing to do with it, as salt, while necessary for flavor, helps rather than hinders the action of yeast. Another common error is that hops have anything to do with the growth of yeast. Hop yeast gives a distinct, pleasant flavor to the bread and besides constitutes the principal ingredient added to the flour. The hops contain a bitter principle which constitutes a gentle, natural and harmless antiseptic which prevents the growth of undesirable bacteria and other micro-organisms along with the yeast, but which is harmless to the yeast itself.



Composition of a loaf of bread

to a dough by the addition of liquid, and when this dough is kneaded, gluten is formed, but this gluten would do little to lighten the bread were it not for the addition of a specific lightening

Furthermore, this bitter principle has been found favorable to human secretion and digestion. Yeast used to be procured in liquid form from a brewery, for it is used in brewing ales



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and beers and in the making of vinegars as well as in bread-making. Now-a-days, however, the liquid yeast has given place to the dried yeast cake, of which Royal Yeast is the best known make. Still later the compressed yeast cakes, such as Fleischmann's, have made their way on to the market. They have the advantage of being quicker than the dried yeast, but they keep only for a limited time, and can be used only where fresh supplies are to be had regularly.

The composition of a loaf of bread may be seen from the accompanying illustration. It will be noticed that bread is relatively poor in fat, and one cannot but admire that adaptation of taste to need which has taught us to eat butter with our bread. The quantity of proteid in bread is somewhat low, but here again the defect is remedied by eating bread with meat, eggs, cheese or some other proteid food. By using skim milk instead of water, in bread-making this lack can be largely remedied, and bread thus becomes almost a perfect food. As it is, the large percentage of solid matter in the loaf makes bread one of our most nutritious foods.

THE present tendency is for bread making to pass outside the home and to become, like flour milling, a specialized industry. Years ago all bread was home-made, afterwards the baker became a recognized figure in the circle of village tradesmen, and now the further stage is seen in the centralizing of the industry in great establishments in our cities, from which bread is shipped out each day to smaller places. Many local bake shops have given up the making of bread and content themselves with selling what is shipped in from outside. The relative merits of bakers' and home-made bread have often been disputed, obviously to no purpose, as it is a matter of special cases and not of general principles. Probably bakers' bread is on an average, as good as home-made, for it is a fantastic delusion to suppose that all home-made bread is clean and sweet. But most people would admit that the best home-made bread is superior to the best bakers'. This is easily understandable, for home bread-making allows a control over conditions which is impossible in any industry carried out on a large scale; in other words one gets the advantage of individuality in the product. The very finest flour can be used, special ingredients added, and special care given to every detail of the process. A better flavored bread is thus produced. The labor of home bread making is lightened, and cleanliness made more easy by the use of the really excellent bread mixers now on the market.

One may conclude that the housewife with whom appetizing and nourishing food counts for more than time will still prefer to make her own bread.

Bakers' bread is said to cost twice as much as home-made bread, but the economy of home baking is practised chiefly by those who need it least. The thrifty housewife who does not need to count her pennies makes bread more often than does her poorer, less provident neighbor. The very poor neither know how to make bread nor do they care to learn—the shop around the corner must supply their need. We may conclude that the making of bread at home is likely to remain a fine art, practised by the frugal and capable few who belong mostly to the better class. Because the great majority do and will continue to depend on the baker it is of the utmost importance that the making and distribution of bread should be subjected to the most careful inspection, if the health of the nation is to be secured.

Bread is one of our cheapest as well as one of our most nutritious foods, hence its universal use and its increasing importance as we descend in the scale of living. It is the mainstay of the poor and any marked rise in prices is of the gravest import. Bread plays a leading part in the economy of a nation, and political measures may be modified by the conditions of its supply. The Repeal of the Corn Laws in England in the last century was, in the last analysis, an effort to secure cheap bread for the people, and this question is germane to any proposals for tariff reform in Great Britain. Again, last year, when the Allied fleets attempted to break through the Dardanelles, speculation was rife as to the influence on the markets of the cargoes of Russian wheat held in the Black Sea, should the way be opened for their egress. The wheat exchange of Chicago is the centre of Western commercial activity, and to many districts wheat means riches or failure. The demand for bread is as far-reaching in its influence as it is fundamental in nature.

Thus it is seen that the housewife, kneading her loaf, or choosing it from the bakers' basket, is really touching a national, even an international problem. For her the fields ripen, for her the mills grind, for her men speculate on the exchange, for her the whole complicated system of distribution is set in motion. But the nexus between household and national economy is seldom made, and our housewife sets the loaf before her family without realizing that she is the last link in that long chain of causes by which the world is fed.

Even a straight-faced man has been known to go crooked.

When the Whistle Blows



The healthy toiler who is properly nourished is not trying to see how little he can do for his wages. He drops his work when the whistle blows with the satisfaction and pride of having put in a full day's work. Health for the toiler with hand or brain comes from an easily digested food that is rich in muscle-building, brain-making material.

Shredded Wheat

is the most perfect ration ever devised for men and women who do things, because it contains the greatest amount of body building nutriment in smallest bulk, with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the body building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran-coat which is so useful in keeping the alimentary tract clean and healthy. It is the favorite food of the outdoor man and the indoor man.

Two shredded wheat biscuits with milk or cream for breakfast will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Also deliciously nourishing for any meal when served with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fresh or preserved fruits.



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Makes bread of a finer texture and flavor.
Makes a whiter and larger loaf which will not dry out so quickly.
It shortens the time of baking.
It is pure and wholesome.
Send for a trial package, 15c, post-paid.

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"Little Windmills Phones for the Ears"—require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable to wear at all times.

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"I stared in wondering disbelief that slowly changed to dismayed conviction. The total was over \$50.60.

"'Boy,' he said, 'for the past several months you have been pushing your self-respect about a pool table. You have let your wife and babies go unprotected while you poked little balls about a cloth. That last ball I sent home brought the total of your losses to exactly what it would cost you for \$2,000 for one year. You lost the game by a trick. If you look you will find a bit of gum between the pocket and the location of the ball when you shot.

"He put on his hat and coat and started for the door. I stared at the pool table, at the total I had spent on the game. I touched the bit of gum. Boys, I signed an application that night."

Eluding an Earl

Continued from page 351.

The eighteenth hole was four hundred and twenty yards over two bunkers—the tee lying within an arch of trees—with pines to the left, and the grounds of a great country estate bordering the course to the right.

The earl advanced to take his honor with a deprecating smile of conquering superiority. Bobby was strong on the long game and felt sure of winning the decisive hole. At best the Englishman could only hope to halve, if he did not get into difficulty and lose.

"Yes," he said, "that was a doocid fine shot. Well, here's for another!" He swung the club mightily, pressing for distance to carry the first bunker, fully a hundred and fifty yards away. Whether it was the wind or a furious slice, or both, the ball sped high in the air, moving at a tremendous rate of speed. Suddenly it curved sharply to the right, left the course entirely and disappeared within the shadow of the Bradley-Townsend bungalow.

Litchfield rushed to the back door, and made his way in. "That's all right, Darnell," he beckoned. "Come right along. Townsend wouldn't miss it for a thousand plunks."

He pushed open the door. The Englishman followed in great excitement. The match was hole play, the rule being to play the ball whatever the lie, and a lost ball was a lost hole. The players burst into the huge white kitchen. Two maids, dressed in conventional black, with white collars and cuffs, hastily turned their backs. Bobby Litchfield hurried forward, while Darnell hung by the door.

"Excuse me," began Bobby, "we're playing a match. Did a ball come in here?"

Without turning her shoulders a girl's soft voice answered, "Yes, sir.

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



For the Cream of the Day

TWO A. M.—inky dark—that's when Big Ben startsthemilkman's day.

Out of bed like a boy going fishing—nudges Big Ben to a hush—takes up the tune as he whistles to work.

You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddap—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben yourself a little earlier. See how he'll bring you the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And you'll take up his tune and smile through the day.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your Dealer's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your Dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

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Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bongo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Trunclad.

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Durham Duplex, 50c doz.; other Double Edge Blades, 35c doz.; Single Edge Blades, 25c doz.; Old Style Razors, 25c each. We pay return postage.

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"YOU WILL MAKE a good Salary"

and a handsome margin as well, selling our Hand and Electric Carpet and Rug Cleaners—the Sweeper-Vac and the Clean-Elec.

Both are high efficiency machines and sold at popular prices.

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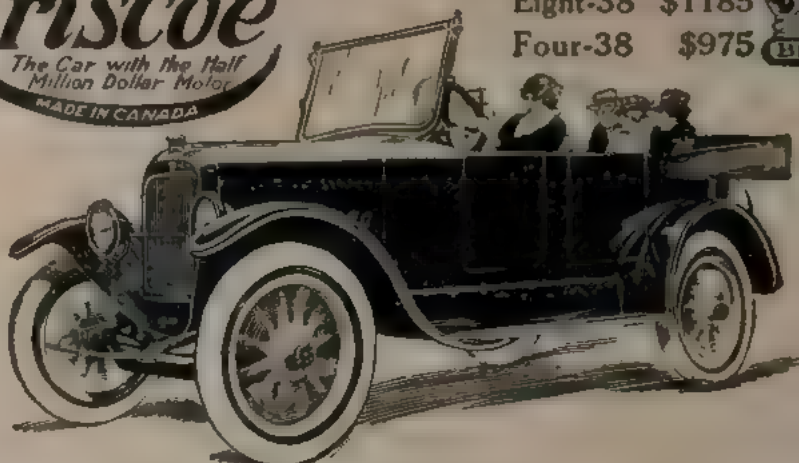
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The Car with the Half
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Eight-38 \$1185

Four-38 \$975



Four
24
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The Half Million Dollar Motor at Toronto Exhibition

The latest Briscoe beauty has taken Canada by storm. At the Toronto Exhibition, the crowds who thronged the Automobile Section were enthusiastic in their praise of Benjamin Briscoe's masterpiece—the Briscoe 4-24—the car with the Half Million Dollar Motor.

It is the Car that all Canada has been waiting for—a beautiful car—a luxuriously comfortable car—a powerful car—at a price that is within easy reach of the man of every-day income.

Such a car for \$825 is possible because of Mr. Briscoe's success in perfecting the Half Million Dollar Motor—the longest long-stroke Motor in the world—3 1/4" bore to 5 1/4" stroke—a motor that made 32 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

The 105-inch Wheel Base, Floating Type Rear Axle, Full Elliptic Springs and deep Upholstery insure the utmost ease and comfort, when motoring.

Built on beautiful lines, with 5 passenger Touring or 4 passenger Roadster bodies. Splitdorf electric Starting and Lighting, fully equipped throughout.

You are interested, of course. You want complete details? Well, send for a copy of Mr. Briscoe's own story of "The Half Million Dollar Motor". It's a big man's narrative of a big achievement. A fascinating picture of pluck, virility and romance—of old-world pathos and new-world success. Mailed free. Write to-day for it.

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Record the "Who, When, Where" on every negative. It's the work of an instant with an Autographic

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All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now autographic.

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TORONTO.

It's in the bread pan by the window!"

"By all that's holy, it's Miss Smith!" Bobby Litchfield took three steps and confronted a tall blonde maid.

"I was mixing bread, sir," she said, looking defiantly at the young man, "when it popped through the widow. As the dough is all full of glass, I didn't touch it. There it is!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" bellowed the Englishman, throwing back his head. "Ball hunt, and Hunt Ball! Hoo! Hoo! Say, that's a ripping joke, old man!" Then he recovered himself with a suppressed gurgle. "I suppose I've got to play it out of there." He observed the surprise of the girl, but ignored the personal situation. "It's all right for me to raise the window; that's no hazard."

But Bobby was looking hard into evasive blue eyes. "I knew," he said, "I had seen you before, but not—I didn't think—"

"Can I get up on the table?" asked the Earl of Portchester sturdily.

"Surely," answered the maid. "Edith"—she turned—"you clear off the table. My hands are all dough."

The Englishman, with his club to the floor, watched the second maid turn; when her profile came into view, he gasped:

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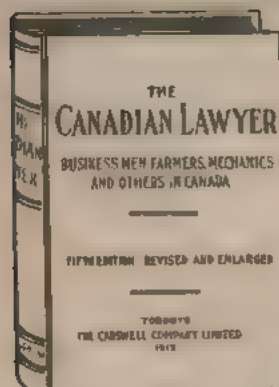
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"Miss Brown!" He took an involuntary step forward, and then recovered. "I say! This is jolly strange, you know."

"Not at all, sir." The brunette walked up to the table with head high. "I was assisting Polly." She clattered utensils and dishes and then dropped a little courtesy. "There! You can get up and play it out."

The Englishman fumbled with the window to raise it. The modern catch was too much for his insular brains.

"Oh, I say, Miss Brown—I mean"—the instinct of the master toward the maid began to dominate him—"Brown, I can't move the blasted thing. Won't you?"

The brunette did not possess hauteur enough to withstand the piteous petition. Somehow a large hand and a small one got entangled in the process.

At the end of the ballroom Mrs. Senator Sumner sat and reigned. At her bidding the Master of the Hounds himself was no more than a happy retriever of birds of paradise. Along the line a row of robust patronesses resplendent in autumnal charms, languidly waved their fans and observed their daughters' triumphs. None of these was so conspicuous on account of her queenly carriage, her jewels, and her exposure to draught as Mrs. Bradley Townsend.

Bobby Litchfield, by reason of his father's exalted diplomatic position, his wealth, not to mention his family, his wide continental acquaintance and solid sportsmanship, was a deservedly popular partner at the Hunt Ball. Yet discerning ladies noticed a new aloofness in his manner, an impersonal look, that seemed to focus far beyond his vis-a-vis.

The same abstracted manner might have been observed glooming the countenance of the Earl of Portchester as he conscientiously piloted a little giggling, overdecorated, and underdressed butterfly. He stepped upon his partner's flimsy dress. It cracked. He bent to the tear with labored apologies. He found himself alone—staring at the palm-encircled doors. There standing in the green frame, hesitant like a shy rose about to open, trebled the parlor maid—while behind her, tall, stately, as if peering into paradise, loomed the lady of the dough.

The earl drew his breath in sharply as Japanese do who wish to show more than homage. Suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He turned and looked into the pale, swarthy face of his friend.

"My God!" said Bobby. "What are they doing here?"

The earl's face took on that hard, stern expression which his fellow-guardsmen had learned to fear and respect.

Continued on page 386.

The White Feather

Continued from page 333.

headmaster. Malette, in his complex boyish way, had tried to fascinate her (which sounds odd, but is true), but she could never stand him, and boxed his ears. That was what gave me pleasure in telling him I had married her, thinking he might remember. I prospered in my profession. I never had to begin in a small way, and so have never studied how a small man might have succeeded who worked on my plan; but I do know that a moderately wealthy man on change who plays the safe game of selling out when he sees a profit, however infinitesimal, will stay in the game longer than the speculator. I never took "long odds." I could have stood a number of bad reverses and still emerged pretty well fixed; but as a matter of fact the gambling instinct was quite absent from my make-up. I always took only what I thought "safe chances," and somehow I was lucky, and they were safe, and I made money hand over fist, and people began to point to me as a man of tremendous acumen—whereas really I had a big yellow streak!

It was probably this "safeness" that led to my being made an executor for an old friend's will. Boissevain, a pottery manufacturer in my native town, died leaving about two hundred thousand pounds to his wife in trust for their only child, a girl of fourteen. I was the only executor, and I acted in collaboration with the family lawyer.

Mrs. Boissevain is one of those women who have not the slightest business instinct, whose minds simply cannot comprehend a technicality, however elementary, and who will say, when you introduce a business topic, "Oh, Mr. Renshaw, I'm sure I know so little about these things, and you know so much, so why bother poor me with them?" She employed a lawyer merely because it was a formula to do so. That kind of woman, I have found out, is after all the most seldom cheated, because they cling to your wisdom and judgment so wistfully that you feel a cur to take advantage of them. Old Crandall, the family lawyer, was just such another. He trusted the investment of the two hundred thousand pounds—they gave up interest in the pottery business—to me implicitly, chiefly because of my reputation for "being safe," and as long as Mrs. Boissevain received her dividends regularly neither she nor he bothered. That is how I found it so easy to plunder the estate.

NOW this may sound incongruous, "plundering the estate." I hope I have made it clear that I lacked the courage to commit such a crime for the sake of merely having the money. It

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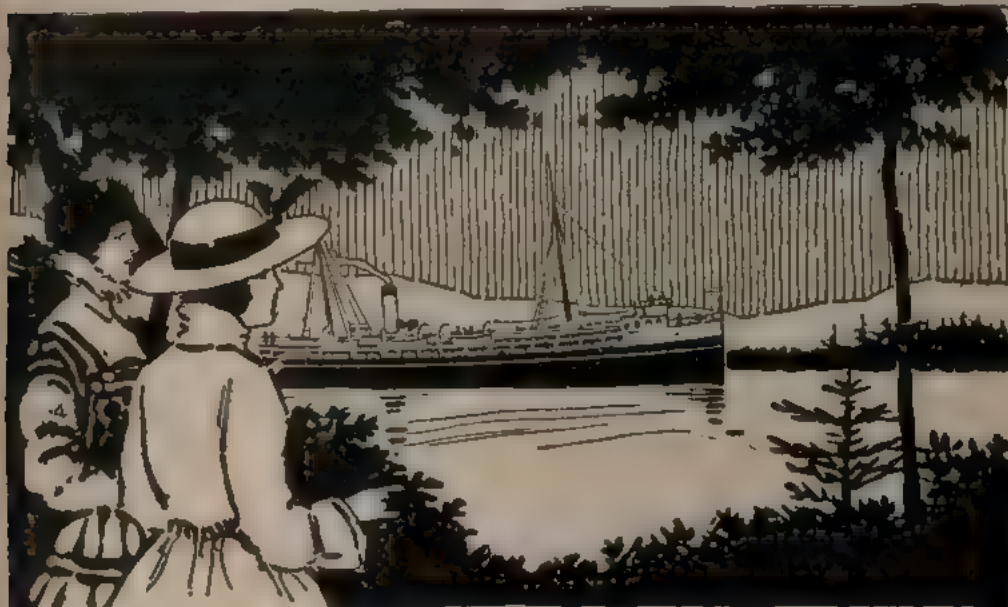


requires a man of initiative to do that, and though I am not irresolute, or unduly hesitant, I haven't myself much initiative. I could act on a bold piratical scheme when I heard of it, but as for originating it—I! But perhaps you have noticed how many men and women commit evil, either to person or property, in a state of self-hypnotism? Half the cases of suicide originate like that. A man is waiting for a train; he thinks, What would it feel like to be on the track in front of a train—he is fascinated by it, and, presto, he jumps in front of it! Or he crosses the river, and looks at the dark swirling waters below him, and wonders how it feels to be drowned—and the next thing he jumps! A large percentage of the cases of clerks embezzling their employers' funds arise from the fascination to know how it feels to own so much money.

That is how I felt. The money was there—quite a lot of it—and it fascinated me. Although it tallied much more than I had personally, I did not need it, any more than the suicide needs to jump in front of that train. The vague feelings I experienced gradually crystallized into this thought: Why not take it? On the other hand, my sense of responsibility said, Why take it? I oscillated between these two questions a thousand times a day, and each time my resolve to take it became imperceptibly greater. Finally, I realized with a tremendous shock that it was harder to leave it than to take it; therefore, eventually, I took it. Cowardice, after all, is the choosing of the easier path. Men only show their "bravery" because there is someone there to jeer them out of their timidity: and it is harder to be jeered at than to attempt.

This happened some three years ago. I invested the two hundred thousand wisely, and received a return which was somewhat higher than Mrs. Boissevain had been accustomed to, so that when I paid her her usual dividends there was still a big slice left for me. Old Crandall was not the slightest bit suspicious. Then about a year ago I had a revulsion of feeling. I would restore it all. I got as far as selling out, and then, with this big sum in my hands—it had increased—I swung back again, and decided to keep it.

Looking round for another place to invest, I became interested, rather against my will, in Persian oils. "But," said my Dr. Jekyll-self, "that's a speculation." "True," said the Hyde part of me, "and you're a thief. Every executor who misappropriates trust funds always speculates—it's a kind of convention." The ghastly humor of it overcame me—a dishonest executor to use misappropriated moneys honestly and restore them with interest! I wish I could tell you my mental pro-



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cesses: but it is perhaps sufficient that it seemed easier to me to take up Persian oil shares than not to. After all, I said, what's the difference?

My first speculation went off very well. I bought in small blocks in different companies through various subterranean agencies, and no one knows to this day that I am the majority stock-holder in three companies, possibly four, because the stock is registered in a variety of names. That was nearly a year ago.

Persian oils took a sag in March, but recovered again. But unfortunately, they never went back to par, and I would have made a dead loss of over seven thousand pounds if I had sold out, which, together with the eight thousand I had paid Mrs. Boissevain out of my own pocket for her dividends, would have left me considerably in the hole. So I hung on. And then the unexpected happened, and old Crandall died suddenly!

I told Violet that night about meeting Malette, and she said, "I suppose we must accept his invitation?"

"Must we?"

"Why not? It would seem a little odd, wouldn't it, an old friend like that?"

"But I always thought you detested Malette!"

"How ridiculous! Have you ever heard me mention him?"

"No. But I remember you boxed his ears once. Have you forgotten?"

"I must have done. In any case, we were only children, and childish likes and dislikes don't last."

"Sometimes they do, Violet. I detest him myself."

She shrugged her shoulders. "What a wry face! But you'll accept, won't you?"

It ended, of course, in our going. Malette really carried off the affair well. He was studiously courteous to Violet, and referred to their juvenile encounter in such a bantering way that they both laughed. This he did early in the evening, so that for the rest of the time they were on good terms; and he kept her constantly amused. Only once did he call me "Bunny."

"Bunny!" cried my wife. "Why, John, that's you! I'd quite forgotten it."

"So had I," I said, "but Malette hasn't."

"He has been protesting he dislikes it, Mrs. Renshaw," Malette put in slyly. "Why is that, I wonder?"

She laughed. "Well, perhaps he thinks it's hardly suitable now."

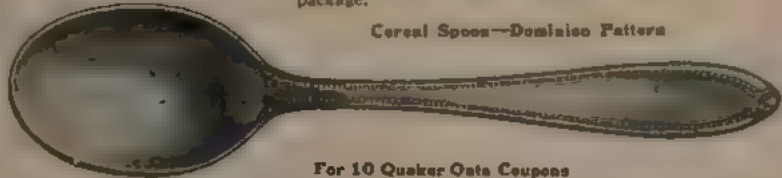
He did not repeat it—but he knew it had hurt. When we had reached the coffee stage, he said to me idly, "By the way, Renshaw, who are your trustees?"

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Violet answered for me. "For Mrs. Boissevain of all people. You must remember her." Malette would, of course—Boissevain had been a familiar figure in the town where we went to school.

Then he retorted, "You ought to be able to put in a good word for me, Renshaw. I saw in the *Late Times* that Mr. Crandall was dead, and they'll want a solicitor—and I want a job."

To say I was startled is putting it mildly, but I saw my feeling of predestination materializing. I made shift to say, "I believe they've got someone lined up already."

"But you will?"

"Yes, I will." Of course, I wouldn't, really.

Violet said, at parting, that she had enjoyed the evening very much, and asked him to pay us a return visit.

"Why did you say that?" I asked, going home.

"Well, I really did enjoy it. I think he's quite interesting, and I want to see more of him. You'll do what he asked, John?"

"To be quite frank, my dear, no."

"Why? You appear to dislike him so intensely."

"Did you ever stop to reason why—?" and I paused. I was going to add, "the fly hates the spider," but substituted, "Oh, nothing! We'll ask him back—with pleasure!"

For two weeks afterwards I heard nothing, till I met him on the street. He said, at once, "Well, I've got my client—my first!"

"Mrs. Boissevain?"

"Smarty to guess right off!"

With a dull pain I said, "You were quick."

"You bet! I went up and saw her. She remembered me, after a time, and gave me the job. Say, what made you say she had someone in view?"

"I understood she had."

"She hadn't, Renshaw," he said, leering at me, "I'm in luck—there's good pickings off that estate, isn't there?"

"I don't think the work Mrs. Boissevain will give you will keep you out of your bed nights."

"One can always make work, eh?"

"You'll be coming to see me, I suppose, pretty soon?"

"There's no hurry that I can see."

"But you want, as her lawyer, to see that everything is in order."

"Oh, she trusts you, Bun—Renshaw—we all trust you." He went on, assuring me he'd take his time. So the next week-end, I took Violet down to our old home, on the pretext of a holiday, and went round to see Mrs. Boissevain.

After a great deal of indifferent discussion, I asked her whether she liked Mr. Malette as a solicitor after Mr. Crandall.

She thought he was rather "nice," and said, "Has he been to see you yet?"

"Not about business."

"He came up a week or two ago" and asked me a lot of questions. But, bless you, I told him everything was in your hands, and it would sure to be all right, and he said he was sure it would."

"Has he seen your late husband's

Yes—he asked to borrow it. He has it still."

He had then started; because I had once attached to that will a schedule of the investments made, with the certificate numbers, and Mrs. Boissevain, of course, did not know they had been changed. The investments had been good railways and industrials; and on my return to town I went in person to one of the head-offices of the companies, and asked whether Mrs. Boissevain were still a shareholder.

The clerk turned up the ledger, and replied in the negative. Then he added, mildly astonished, "Why, you're the second man to-day asking that!"—which was what I had wanted to find out.

Then came the sudden dramatic events of the last ten days of July; and for a time I forgot Malette, as he doubtless forgot me, in the excitement that seemed to indicate a general conflict. On the day war was declared, I met him again.

"Terrible, Bunny, isn't it?" he cried.

"Yes. Er—by the way, you've never come up to run over—"

"Coming soon. But the fact is—" and he was off, like everyone, to get the special edition then latest.

The stock exchange, as you know, closed down entirely. I was pretty hard hit, like the rest of them, and my "safe chances" were almost as bad as their hit-or-miss speculations. As for Persian oils, whatever value they had ever had was swallowed up in the universal cataclysm.

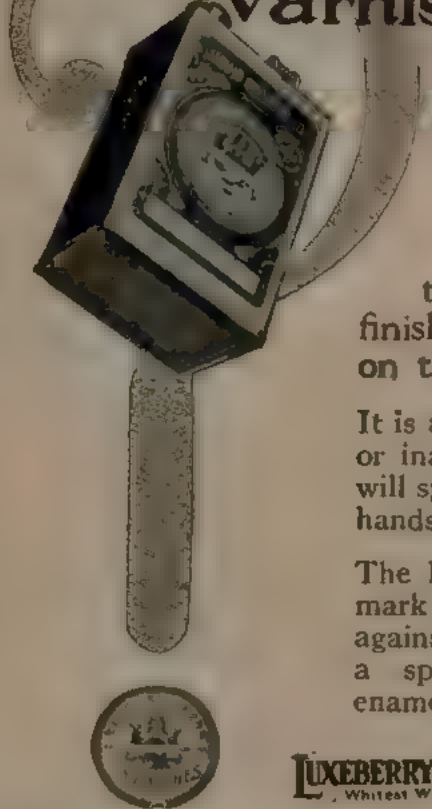
But presently things began to re-adjust themselves to an extent, and the social what-nots revived from the shock they had suffered. I did not see Malette for so long that I began to lull myself into a sense of security; but Violet got him to pay his promised return visit two nights ago. Nothing much happened—our talk was all of the war and of Kitchener's call for recruits—but as he was going, he said, quietly "Well, I've delved into the old lady's affairs, Bunny."

"That so? Very complicated?"

"No. But I'd like to talk over one or two things—can you come round as you said?" He gave me his business address. "To-morrow at eleven suit you?"

I never moved a muscle as I said, "I'll come."

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The following morning found me outside the block wherein he rented an office. I pushed the swing door—then—I turned tail and ran! Ran up a side street, and jumped helter-skelter into a cab, and spent the whole day in the country, returning home at night at seven!

The telephone rang soon after I got in.

"Hello, Bunny!" said his voice. "You didn't come!"

"Come where?"

"You were coming to see me, you remember, about—"

"Oh, yes! But you said to-morrow!"

"Did I? I thought I said to-day. But can you make it to-morrow?"

"When?"

"Eleven o'clock? Don't forget, you—you—" and he rang off without saying "coward."

I had to go the next day. I managed it somehow, and found myself in the single room he rented. His was clearly no flourishing business,—all the room contained was a table, two chairs and a safe. "Hired," he said, noticing my glance.

"Well?" I demanded.

He put on his eyeglasses. "Mrs. Boissevain leaves the handling of her money entirely to you, Bunny, doesn't she?"

"I wish, Malette, you'd not call me Bunny."

"Funny how you hate it! But does she?"

"Yes—as she told you."

"Told me—Mrs. Boissevain told me?"

I bit my lip. "I mean, you probably asked her."

"Lawyers have to ask blunt questions. But, as it happens, I didn't ask her that." He spoke the lie glibly. "I discovered it myself."

"How?"

"From the will—or rather, from the list of investments attached to it, in your writing."

"Yes, of course."

He rose, went to the safe, and brought out a bundle of papers. "Here is the list. Very good investments, too, Bu—Renshaw,—quite an old-fashioned conservative investment, in fact—none of your modern wild-cat ventures, eh?"

"Safe chances, my dear fellow."

"Safe, even in war time. No change in the list since?"

"Why—er—no."

"And you settle, I believe, twice a year with her?"

"Yes. We adopted that method to make it easier. Dividend payments are coming in all the time, and instead of troubling her with frequent payments I pay them in a lump sum."

"She knows how much to expect, I gather?"

"Yes."

"No other check on the investments?"

"No."

"I really must congratulate you—you're a model trustee! No unsafe stock—remittances to client with the regularity of clockwork—Halves, Bunny!"

"What!" I almost jumped.

"Halves in what you make over and above what you pay her!"

"How dare you!"

He grinned. "Just a little joke, Renshaw. Now, as an expert, tell me what you think of—Persian oils?"

"Persian oils? Why?"

"I was offered some yesterday, at a low price. Everything's low now, naturally, but I want to know what value they have to hang on to for a considerable time."

"How much were you offered?" I stammered.

Malette had risen, and was replacing the will and the schedule in the safe. "Two hundred thousand pounds worth," he said purringly.

His back was towards me, and he was stooping. With a gentle push I could have knocked his head against the safe—could have perhaps killed him, though that was unnecessary—all I needed was to have smashed him unconscious (I'm a bigger man than he, anyway) and to have taken that list. It was the only thing that incriminated me—and it would never be missed. It was quite superfluous, really.

I think something of the same idea occurred to him, because he looked at me over his shoulder. "Are Persian oils any good?" he repeated mockingly, and all my courage went out of me.

"No!" I snapped. "No!"

"Shan't touch them, then, if you say not. Won't detain you any more, old man. Stay!" He scribbled on a piece of paper. "No, on second thoughts I'll post it to you."

"Post what?"

"Never mind."

So I left him, grinning owlishly. . . .

It is only seven or eight hours since I saw him, and his message came by the last post. Violet has gone out. I told her at dinner I must probably run across to New York again, to close up a deal, and might have to leave immediately—intending, of course, to make it my disappearance. She made a little demur, but didn't ask many questions—It has happened before.

When the postman's knock sounded, I went downstairs and got the letter. It was a half-sheet of notepaper, with only these words: "Halves, you sneak."

So Malette really is a blackmailer! I ought to have expected it. . . .

Mrs. Boissevain will be expecting another dividend payment in a few days, and I cannot pay it. The panic of early August broke me. Thank God Violet has her own settlement!

That idea of America is too crude. I



A Twilight Story About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains, as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking methods break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

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This makes the whole grains wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

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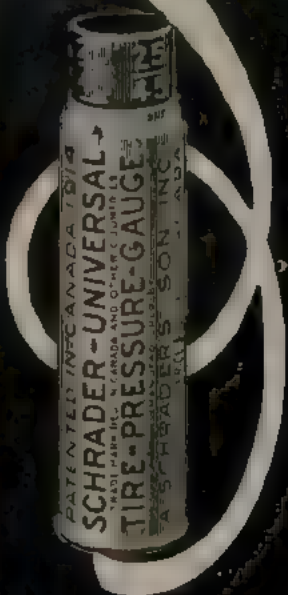
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can still carry out the fiction, to keep Violet in ignorance—but as for going there! The wireless ended all that kind of thing. I should be traced, and the extradition laws are so easily set in motion these days. There's an alternative—

But I can't—I can't! I tried, but the revolver slipped from my fingers. I haven't the courage—I'm too much of a coward to pull the trigger. The sight of it fills me with loathing—and I want to live, to live! Is there—there must be—some other way out?

There is—one. It stares at me from newspaper headlines, from the advertisements on the street. "YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU!"

A good rally cry, they say, even in these days of scientific warfare, is half the battle. I am physically a very fit man—I am within the prescribed age. And yet—the modern battlefield—death, ghastlier than ever because invisible—the horrors of the hospital ward—the sight and stench of maimed and dying men. . . .

But it is the easy way—easier than putting a bullet into one's head, because that needs initiative, whereas an enemy's bullet is a force we are not responsible for and cannot argue with. I have been told more than once that no person can achieve a complete disappearance than by enlisting under an alias.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—and the irony of it is that he who is now preparing to make the supreme sacrifice for his country is the life-long coward.

JOHN RENSHAW.

The lawyer's monotonous voice ceased. "That is all," he said; "now for the other." He picked up the dirty pencilled sheet. "It is dated December 12th—nearly three months later—and is quite short." He resumed:

"This is my P. S. I should have let the story stand as it was, but have kept it with me till now.

"They have licked us into passable shape in record time. As I thought, the army is complete oblivion. One is a number on the books, and a man less importantly; if anything happens, they look up his number first, and trace back to his name from that. Yet I am very much surprised that Malette has not apparently started a row. I have followed the newspapers very carefully, but the robbery of the Boissevain estate has never yet been recorded. It was sensational enough, surely?

"Yesterday one regiment went off—a Scotch regiment, and their band played 'Will ye no' come back again' as they went. They marched away, singing, care-free, they knew not where, nor for how long. Word has gone round that we leave to-morrow, so this

Continued on page 382.



Two Savings for You

"Made in Canada" Lowers the Price of Goodyear Tires

Goodyear Tires cost you less because they are made in Canada—they are not imported. Therefore when you are offered *imported* tires at the same, or higher prices than Goodyears do not assume that they are of the same or higher quality.

For in the United States where these tires are manufactured, most of them sell for less than Goodyears. Now here is the most important point—*though these tires sell for less than Goodyears in the United States, Goodyears are the biggest selling tire in the States*

If Goodyear Tires give greater value where they are higher in price, how much greater is the value here in Canada where they are lower in price?

There is an actual cash saving of considerable import because Goodyears are made in Canada. Compare the prices given here.

Were Goodyears NOT made in Canada, they would cost you—

Size	Plain	All-Weather
30 x 3½	\$19.02	\$22.23
32 x 3½	21.87	25.58
34 x 4	31.92	37.34
36 x 4½	44.96	62.65
37 x 5	52.44	65.55

But Goodyears ARE made in Canada, so they cost you only—

Size	Plain	All-Weather
30 x 3½	\$15.00	\$18.00
32 x 3½	18.95	22.75
34 x 4	28.10	33.80
36 x 4½	39.35	47.20
37 x 5	45.45	54.50

Goodyear Quality Lowers the Cost per Mile

If all-tires gave equal mileage and service, Goodyears would still have the advantage of most imported tires by being lower in price. But Goodyear value does not stop at price—rather it does not begin at price. Long mileage is the first aim of Goodyear factories. Excess mileage is the aim of Goodyear Service Stations. We believe that there is not another tire manufactured to-day that will give so low a cost-per-mile as Goodyear.

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The White Feather

Continued from page 378.

P. S. will probably be the last of me. My regimental number is 658, and my alias is Private Jones, of the City of London Light Infantry."

"The disappearance of Mr. Malette has complicated the case, I know," said Mrs. Renshaw.

"You knew, of course, that your husband did not go to New York?"

"I suspected it." He went off very hurriedly—he never wrote me, and that was not like him."

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Boissevain's—er—"

"Except that she is ruined." She smiled wanly. The lawyer suddenly started.

"Jones—City of London Light Infantry! My God!"

And he fetched a copy of that morning's paper, and laid it before her.

Night in the trenches. Comparative calm lay over the land. There are thousands of watchful eyes peering through the darkness, both in these trenches and in those others, scarcely half a mile distant; but the artillery was hushed. Two soldiers, leaning luxuriously against the wet walls after a soul-sickening weary day, were conversing in low voices. Cockneys, they were, both of them.

"An' so," said one, "'e's to be recommended for the V. C.?" The other nodded. "Funny thing 'ow we got twisted up with the City of London."

"Somebody bungled," the other replied, unconsciously quoting history.

"Some blokes get all the luck! I might stay 'ere for ever an' never get a chance like that!"

"'E wouldn't 'ave done it, only—"

"Yes, I saw too. That Trench jes' lay there, shriekin' to 'im."

"An' 'e didn't want ter do it—not 'im!—jes' stood there shakin' with funk! Awful sight, 'e was!"

"Did yer 'ear what that there Trench said?"

"Did you?"

"Yes. 'E said, 'Bunny—you—you—coward, Gawd blarst yer Bunny, an' send yer yellin' soul to damnation if yer runs away now an' leaves me!' Then Jones 'esitated, an' then 'e went an' carried 'im away."

Another nod; and a silence fell. Then the first man said, "'E was jes' as scared as Jones, or Bunny, or what—ever his name was. Green wi' fright 'issel—jes' sqawaked it out."

Another long silence; and the winter stars winked down at them, and a cold wind whistled over their heads. At length the second man remarked idly, as he clutched his collar closer: "Ell of a gyne, war—'d give anyone the blarsted pip!"



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5 A

The Reeve of Silver Island

Continued from page 339.

into a chair—"Yes," he cried, hysterically—"I am Frank Law, a common murderer and thief—Bill Wurst is innocent." Then frenziedly, "What are you going to do about it?"

Pandemonium broke out in the hall, during which ex-Reeve Simpson got to his feet. Bill Wurst, dazed, clutched nervously at a chair for support.

"What are you going to do about it?" It was the appeal of a man who had lost all hope; the appeal of a man who looked into the abyss and knew nothing could save him.

The tears flooded Bill Wurst's eyes. He wanted to take Frank Law's hand and lead him away—away from those who would punish him for his wrongdoing—

Then they all began to talk at once. They asked Bill Wurst to forgive them—they wrung his hands to which he quietly submitted.

Ex-Reeve Simpson, who had been trying to preserve order, finally succeeded.

"Boys," he said, apologetically. "Let us leave this matter with the Reeve of Silver Island. What he says or does in regard to Frank Law goes with us. What do you say?"

They answered with a cheer.

Then Bill Wurst, spoke—

"Friends more than friends—I'm unequal to the occasion. You have made me a happy man to-night. In the days that were dark, I knew that you would have stood by me had you known that I was innocent. I forgive with all my heart any injury done to me or mine by Frank Law. Will you take him by the hand and tell him the same thing?"

There was an awkward pause, and then cheering they scrambled over the seats.

Canada's Immigration Policy After the War

Continued from page 336.

settlers who will make their permanent homes therein.

There is another phase to the immigration question, which has been revealed by this war. And that concerns, more especially, the manufacturing interests of Canada. To realize its significance, however, let us take a note from Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—

"The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufacture, but they are more commonly distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former."

A. regards the manufacturing interests of Canada the war has probably

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Eluding an Earl

Continued from page 370.

"I say, old man"—Portchester spoke with deliberation—"I don't care whether she's a parlor maid or a manicure, or a wife or a widow. She's the finest woman in this room, and they're frightened and alone. I'm going to speak to them."

"Miss Brown"—his lordship's heels came together with a military click—"I did not expect—I am delighted, don't you know. May I escort you to a seat?"

Men who had started to the doorway stopped as the club's guest bent low before the most bewitching girl in the room. If it had been one of their own set, they would have crowded him out if they could. But Edith carmined, hesitated, and threw an appealing glance at her tall friend.

"Oh, Polly!" she whispered.

But when the Earl of Portchester stood high and looked her straight in the face with eyes in which recklessness, courage, and tenderness battled for the mastery, then she knew what he had done and what it meant to him. She put her hand upon the Englishman's arms, and with a look of command to her friend, bowed assent.

"Where shall I take you?" Lord Darnell asked gently.

"Do you see Mr. Litchfield talking to that fat lady? Take us to him." Edith could not help it. The earl paled, and strode on.

After his formal bow, Bobby sank into the seat beside Mrs. Bradley-Townsend and whispered to her.

"Edith," she purred in return, "is a perfect witch. I don't see how Polly Fairchild countenanced her. And the Earl of Portchester?"

"Hush! He thinks her a parlor maid."

"Edith Slagmore—a parlor maid! The richest heiress in Pittsburg? Delicious!" Mrs. Bradley-Townsend chuckled. "Why not keep it up a little longer?"

"It would serve her right," laughed Bobby. "She almost fooled me."

The three stood before the two—the girls a little defiant, with heads high; the earl as stiff as a ramrod, and as uncompromising.

"Oh, Polly, I'm so glad you've come at last! It was nice of you to bring your maid. Stand behind my chair, Brown."

Mrs. Bradley-Townsend threw into the command her iciest, haughtiest tone. Edith was stunned, and then the full purport of the joke struck her in the face. She had sown, and here was the reaping.

"Allow me to present my old friend, the Earl of Portchester, Mrs. Townsend." Bobby had slipped beside the

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stately blonde as he made his introduction.

"And may I stand behind your chair with Miss Brown?" asked the earl. Without waiting for reply, he took a step backward, ranging himself beside the girl, in whom humiliation and pride battled with her strong sense of humor. Mrs. Bradley-Townsend was momentarily disconcerted. To her an earl could commit no social faux pas. The solemn Englishman did not notice her twinkle as she bowed a cold assent. "You know Mr. Litchfield, Polly," was the way in which she masked the discomfort that her joke on Edith Slagmore was not as successful as she had hoped.

But Bobby looked shamelessly into Polly's eyes. "How you have grown!" he said. "You used to be an awfully pretty girl." The goddess bit her lip. "And I was terribly fond of you when you were a kid. Don't you remember me?"

But within the cuirassed breast of the son of England's bravest a heart was beating madly. He could not stand forever like a statue of a footman beside a maid. He cast a furtive look at the face below him. It burned pink.

"Miss Brown," he whispered.

"I am not Miss Brown," she said distinctly.

"Eh? - I say"—exclaimed his lordship. "Is that a bally American joke? Not Miss Brown? I say, who are you?"

"Edith! Stand in front of me," Mrs. Bradley-Townsend commanded.

"This, my lord"—she pointed with her fan at the beautiful girl—"is a very naughty masquerader, who loves to fool and mystify and wear maids' caps and cook in the kitchen. She is a very dear friend of my daughter, and is visiting us with Polly Fairchild. Her name, my lord, is Edith Brown Slagmore, and I hope that you will never forgive her."

"Oh, I say, Miss Slagmore, if I am never to forgive you"—His eyes burned upon the belle of Pittsburgh. "May I offer you an ice and a glass of champagne? It's doocid hot, don't yer know."

The hand upon his arm trembled a little, but did not lose its weight. There was a discreet cough from the darkness ahead.

"I say, Bobby, old man," called Portchester, "is that you?"

"Good night," answered Bobby; "run away. I'll see you in the morning."

"Oh, I say," expostulated the bewildered Englishman. Then a hand tightened upon his arm. A light illumined his mind. He quickly turned by the right flank, and with a sigh of happiness the couple were lost in the darkness somewhere near the eighteenth flag.

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